

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Dramatic Scenes, and other Poems.* By Barry Cornwall, Esq. 12mo. pp. 166.

The great literary revolution, which has turned the taste of England from foreign imitation to her original treasures, is now familiar to our readers. Whatever might have been the cause, whether the passion for novelty, the long exclusion of Continental intercourse, or the vigour of the public mind, first excited by the struggle of war, and then exalted by the glories of unexampled victory, the effect has been produced with a fulness and power that seem to place us beyond the possibility of a relapse. It is forbidden for a writer henceforth to establish a distinguished character upon the minor ingenuity of his weapons; no epigrammatic and pointed turns of wit, no keen and satiric employment of common-place, no mere grace and harmony of phrase, will be suffered to enter into the lists where the high prize of fame is to be won. A nobler and more lofty stature must be exhibited in that combat; and with all the artificial habiliments of the day flung aside, the prize must be toiled for by the vigour of a naked heroic nature. The simplicity of this revived taste is at once a pledge of its truth and of its permanence. Imagination is the Sun of Poetry, all substitutions for that perpetual and sublime splendour must disturb or dim the true colours of nature; from the passing cloud to the total eclipse, there is a gradual loss of beauty in the sphere of vision; and when the full darkness comes at last, no earthly fabricated fire can supply the security, the expansion, and the glory of the great centre of the system. All the authorship of England has felt this change shooting down through all its parts; the hasty writing of our public journals displays a general vigour, that twenty years ago would have been considered as the privilege only of the highest names. But the change has been still more obvious in the hallowed garden of poetry; the richness of the soil had slept, but was not dead; and the moment it had ceased to be cut into serpentine and trodden into dust by the capricious and tasteless of the world, its old luxuriance rose up, and the first shower from above showed us what blooms and beauty might yet expand

for our delight and wisdom. Fashion was the guide of the last age. Nature is the guide of the present, and our progress must be from grandeur to grandeur; a keener sense of passion, a purer simplicity, a more comprehensive vision of nature, a more majestic, solemn, and sacred love of all things lovely, will be wrought upon us in that upward flight, and, like the translated Prophet, the spirit be made sublime in its ascent to receive the palm of immortality. But this change is yet in its infancy; it has not conquered the Stage, and dramatic character has not assumed the vigour and plainness of truth; the sentiment of the drama is affectation, its story commonplace and improbable confusion, and its language feeble inanity or swollen exaggeration. The reform must make its way there; and when it does, it must produce results of eminent power. The whole of that vast and fluctuating expanse, always at the mercy of the popular breath, must be heaved at once under the descent of that "rushing, mighty wind" of Genius. The object of the Stage is single—the possession of the public mind. It may attempt this object in a thousand directions, but the same impulse urges all its currents. The contemplative poet may find his delight and his reward in the mere effort of his imagination; the poet of the drama must find them in the approval of the multitude. He cannot retire like Prospero, and in solitude exult in his lonely supremacy; his sceptre is of this world, he exercises a social influence or none; his spirits are shapes of surpassing power, but they are not to be suffered to linger away their beauty and their songs upon evening clouds, they must stoop upon men, pass into human forms, be the movers of human hearts, and triumph by the living and hourly passions of our nature. The time for exhibiting those superb influences on the dramatic mind of England has not yet come; but when it does, its signs will not be mistaken. The Stage wants a great poet, but he must be of a mind distinct from those which have in later years attained the highest place in poetry. He must have the power of conceiving passion in all its phases, from the full diffusion and splendour of the heroic heart, down to the gloom and narrowness of crime and malignity; he must be neither the monotonous detailer of

his own miseries, nor the bitter calumniator of all other men's virtues; he must be neither prejudiced nor profligate, nor with a vulgar irreverence for things holy, combining a venomous contempt for man. On the other hand, he must be mentally a citizen of the world, not restrained by his knowledge to a particular spot, until it usurps his imagination; not bound hand and foot in the chain of nationality, not substituting minuteness of description for depth of sentiment, but a genius uniting the powers of both; and thus superior to both, penetrating into the darker recesses of our nature, without soiling his plume, and collecting all its exterior and coloured beauty in his gaze, without retarding his flight or stooping from his elevation. The Poems to which we now demand the public attention, are in the taste of the Elizabethan age; but as they have not been written with a view to the Stage, they are not to be judged as evidences of the dramatic talents of their author. As poems, they seem to us full of the sweetness, tenderness, and delicacy, of the old writers, and decidedly of a higher rank than those of any of their modern followers. The principal part of this little volume consists of dialogues in blank verse, founded on Italian story; the remainder is filled up with miscellaneous poetry; and both give us the impression of a mind eminently rich in its knowledge of the finest era of the English mind, and adopting its passionate vigour and solemn romance, and quaint and high wrought language, with delightful fidelity. We make the extracts as they follow in the volume, and confine ourselves to a few, which less give an idea of the beauty than of the peculiarity of the style. Our first is from "The Two Dreams," a sketch from *Boccaccio*; the subject is unusually simple. A lady of Brescia, related a frightful dream to her husband; he ridiculed her alarm, and, in relating his own dream, died.

ANDREANA, GABRIELLO. (A Garden.)

AND. But laugh at me now, dear, I have had  
A horrid dream: methought we lay together,  
A sultry night, and overhead the stars  
Went rolling 'round and 'round the moonless skies:  
The noise they uttered in their rushing course  
Was like a serpent's hiss.—Look there, Gabriello,  
Orion's centre star mov'd then.

GAB. Away,  
You idle girl.

AND. Keep your eye fix'd,

GAB. Go on,

AND, Well!—I was lying there, as I am now,  
Within your arms. How sweet Love's pillow is!  
I looked at you and smiled: I spoke, but you  
Were silent as from fear, and now and then  
Heaved a deep sigh and trembled: Still the stars  
Went round and round, their circles lessening  
At each revolve:—At last one reached the point  
Right o'er your head, and sank—another came  
And sunk in darkness—then another died.  
Orb after orb came rolling in its round,  
As though impelled within your influence, and  
Died like the first—Saturn alone (he was  
Your natal star) blazed silently aloft:  
At last we stagger'd with a hideous noise,  
As though a globe were cracking, and his rings  
Shook, and look'd white about him, and a light  
Came streaming from his sphere.—But why tell  
this?

He died with the rest, at last:—Then I—

GAB. Awoke?

AND. No, no.—Would that I had: Now listen,  
love!

Attentive too.

GAB. I rest upon your words:

You tell a dream so prettily.

AND. I thought

That when the last star died, a thundering sound  
Was heard 't the air,—like groans, and horrid  
laughs,

And shrieks and syllables—in an unknown tongue.  
And over us, vast wings, that might have borne  
The lost angel in his wanderings,  
Floated, and once they touched me, (but you lay  
Beside me, so I felt no fear.)

The next is in a more polished and  
Corinthian spirit: it is entitled *Ludovico  
Sforza*; and alludes to his passion for  
the princess *Isabella*, wife of his nephew  
*Galazzo the Duke of Milan*.

#### SCENE I.—A Street.

Duke of Milan, Ludovico Sforza.

Duke. And this proud lady, was she chaste  
Or so fair?

Sforza. Pure as the flame that burnt on Dian's  
altar.

And lovely as the morning.—Oh! she stood  
Like one of those bright shapes of fabled Greece,  
(Borne of the elements,) which, as they tell,  
Woo'd mortals to their arms. A form more  
beautiful

(Houri or child o' the air) ne'er glanced upon  
A poet's dream, nor in Arabian story  
Gave promise of that vaulted paradise.  
Not they, who, from the stars, look watchfully  
Upon the deeds of men, and oft, 'tis said,  
Dart, like a vapour, from their wheeling orbs  
In streaming splendour hither, to redress  
Or guide, were localities. Her voice was sweet  
And full of music, and did bear a charm  
Like numbers floating from the breathed flute,  
Caught afar off,—and which the idle winds  
Of June, through wantonness at eve, do fling  
O'er banks and beds of flowers—

Duke. What! have you done, my Lord?

Sforza. Extravagant boy,  
Art not content? Well, I could say for ever.  
Her step? 'twas light as Dian's, when she tripp'd  
Amidst her frolic nymphs, laughing, or when  
Just risen from the bath, she fled in sport  
Round oaks and sparkling fountains,  
Chased by the wanton Orontes: Her brow  
Pale as Athenian marble, but around it  
Grew fillets, like the raven's wing: Her mouth  
(Jove would have kissed 't) did keep as pri-  
soners

Within its perfum'd gates, pearls more rich  
Than Cleopatra got from Antony:

Her eyes, and one might look on them at times,  
In lustre did outvie that Egyptian queen,  
When, on the Cydnus' banks, in pride, she stuck  
Rare gems (each one a province) in her hair,  
And bade the Roman worship her.

Duke. And she  
Is dead?

*Lysander and Ione* is founded on the  
old Grecian superstition, of the love of  
superior beings for mortals. Our extract  
here is of some length, from the extreme  
elegance and mystic beauty of the concep-  
tion and the language.

LYSANDER, IONE. (A Flood.)

LYS. Oh! well; your eye doth tell it. We  
will meet

To-morrow early: and I'll show you all  
The secrets of the forest. Every dell  
And shady nook and cave, o'ergrown by leaves,  
We'll visit: and, perhaps, we may surprise  
A wood nymph sleeping.

IONE. This to me?

LYS. Why—yes:

For then I'll shew to you what charms I can  
Gaze at, unheeding.

IONE. No, no.

LYS. Yes, you will:

And I will be your guard, my beauty: aye,  
And, as we ramble thro' the wood, I'll teach  
How you may shun the briery paths, and pass  
The thorn untouched, and you shall see me take  
The monster thistle by the beard (lest it  
Should harm you) and we'll hearken to the song  
Of the shrill, mounting, lark: list! our own  
bird,

The nightingale, petitions you: her voice

Was ever resistless: now you'll come?

IONE. No.

LYS. Yes.

IONE. Be not too sure, Lysander.—Foolish  
boy!

To give your heart to me—to me, who am  
A spirit of the element.

LYS. You are

A goddess to my gaze; and you shall be  
Queen o' the elements.

IONE. Nay, but I am

One of old Nereus' daughters, youth, and live  
Within the seas; (albeit at times, I stray  
Amongst your woods and fountains;) my green  
home

Is where the mariner's plummet never sounded—  
Beneath the fathomless deep. The dolphins there  
Sport not, nor dures the huge leviathan  
Lash with his sinewy arms the waters, which  
Form temples, and towers, and pillars, and crystal  
shrines,

And sparry caverns where the sea-maids hide,  
And homes for all the ocean deities.  
It is a sacred place, and beautiful;  
Such as you see in dreams, when hope is fresh,  
And sleep both charms and cherishes.

LYS. Pretty maid!

This is the gayest tale—

IONE. Believe 't, Lysander.

But come—as you have loved me long, have you  
Not framed a song for me? Have you not sung  
O' nights by sparkling streams, and vow'd my  
face

Was clear as Dian's?

LYS. Often—often—

IONE. Indeed!—

What did you call me?—Ah! shame on you:

well,

Call me—Ione.

LYS. Sweet Ione! Fair

And beautiful Ione! oh, but cold

As your blue element, when the wintry moon

Hovers above 't, Ione—what a name!

And it is yours?

IONE. Aye, youth! and you must sing  
One of your forest songs to it.

LYS. Then listen,

And lay your white arm 'midst the branches—  
thus:

(Sweet contrast!) and your head against this  
trunk:

And clear your marble forehead from those thick  
And shadowy tresses. So—your eye bent tow'rs

me—

How bright it is! and like the glowworm's light  
Shines most, methinks, in darkness. Listen

now:

But 'tis a melancholy song: 'twas framed  
When once I thought I had lost you—

Now, by Night!

I swear I love thee, delicate Ione!

And when I press my pillow ('tis a grave)

My soul is sick with love. My brain

Tooms with strange phantasies. If I sleep,

Thou, like a spirit from the stars,

Standest before me. I have seen thee come

In pale and shadowy beauty,

And, floating between me and the cloudless moon,

Stretch forth thy white arms, that (like silver

vapours)

Scarce dull'd the planet's brightness.

And thou didst smile, and breathe upon my

heart,

As if to heal the scars of sorrow—

('Twas like Arabian sweets, but cold as death.)

I lov'd thee, fair Ione!

Not as a lover; nor as parent—friend—

Brother—or child. It was a feeling

Sacred—and strange—uneasily: born

Of some unutterable fancy, that,

Like an intense beam o' the meridian sun,

Shot on my brain.

I thought thou wast my better angel, doom'd

To guide me through this solitary life,

To some far off immortal place,

Where spirits of good assemble, to keep watch

Till the foundations of the earth shall fail.

—I lov'd thee as became mortality

Glancing at heaven,

And earthly feelings never mingled with,

Or marred my love celestial.

But thou art gone—

And now I choose to wander when the winds

Chase the dark clouds away at dead midnight;

For then methinks I see thee.

I love to lie by waterfalls,

And mark the sheeted silver roll away,

Rich as Dorado's paradise;

Or listen to its distant music,

When through the piny forest I do take

My solitary way:

And then at times I commune with thee;

And thou, Ione! dost thou not, oh! say 't,

Bequeath soft messages for me

Unto the dark boughs of the shaking pines?

Ione is subdued by this song, which  
we think of the true captivity for a  
nymph of the wild loveliness "o' the  
forest forms."

The *Return of Mark Antony* is a spe-  
cimen of the spirit with which the writer  
can conceive the waywardness of con-  
scious and coquettish beauty. Antony  
has returned after his marriage with Oc-  
tavia, and been chidden for his absence  
and inconstancy. He grows angry, and  
is soothed by the fascination of his



Egyptian queen; but she perseveres in a strain of jealous tenderness.

DOMITIUS ENTERS.

CLEOP. Welcome to Egypt, sir. Domitius has forgot his Egyptian colour; look! my lord. Take heed, sir; there is one I know who loves To see the sun upon you.

DOMIT. Thanks, great queen.

CLEOP. I hate the Italian paleness: are your ladies

As pale as you are now? Tell me, sir: nay—My lord here likes the sickly white.

ANTONY. No, no.

CLEOP. Now, does he not, Domitius?

ANTONY. Mind her not.

CLEOP. There was a fair girl that I've heard he loved

At Rome, once—Cytheris, that was she.

Domitius, was she lovely?

ANTONY. Oh! a beauty.

DOMIT. She was a rare wench; a sweet woman: Jove!

What a foot she had; and her round arm seem'd as

'Twas shaped from ivory. By Venus, she Had not her match in Rome. Her soft blue eyes—

CLEOP. My lord is fond of black: are you not, love?

Speak out, my lord: there's no one to offend.

Oh! Isis, he forgets—he knows not which.

Domitius, tell him of this creature; this—With her dull blue eyes, and pretty milk white face,

On which he doated so.

DOMIT. Nay, she was fair.

CLEOP. You said so, sir, before—I thank you. But

You were a youth then, were you not, my lord? Had never been in Egypt, where the skies Show'd down a summer colour on our cheeks, And fill the eyes with light. Now, can you boast Of Roman hearts like ours?

DOMIT. No, madam, no.

They make us run to catch 'em. Here the women Are kinder: much.

CLEOP. I knew it.

We have already said that we had selected those passages simply as evidences of the peculiarity of the author's style. We might have found many others of more palpable power and more touching interest, but for those we must refer to the volume. Partial objections may be raised to the obsoleteness of the phraseology and to the looseness of the metre, but if these are not forgotten after the first page, or merged in the vigour and richness of the poetry, we will acknowledge that we have formed a most erroneous conception of our own judgment, and of the taste of England.

*A Voyage up the Persian Gulf, and a Journey overland from India to England, in 1817.* By Lieut. William Heude, of the Madras Establishment. London 1819. 4to. pp. 250.

Our reviews of Morier, Lieut-Colonel Johnson, and other travellers in the East, have made the readers of the Literary Gazette acquainted with the later accounts of "The Orient," and the land

between; but every new traveller brings attractive matter from these interesting countries, and we have at present several volumes on our table, from which we are persuaded we shall be able to extract much agreeable information. Of these, Colonel Fitz-Clarence and Lieutenant Heude are the most recent, and we only proceed according to the priority of publication in paying our devoirs first to the latter.

Lieut. Heude also traversed parts, the natural curiosity of which was enhanced by circumstances of uncommon occurrence; and his route, which embraces Arabia, Persia, Mesopotamia, Koordistan, and Armenia, is not rendered the less remarkable from his having witnessed the *decheance* of a Pashaw, and journeyed from Bagdad with the messenger carrying his head and a few others to Constantinople for the satisfaction of the Grand Seignor. Celerity was indeed the order of the day, and night too, but still the march, however rapid, presented many objects worthy of observation, and the Lieutenant seems to have read and wrote as he ran. With regard to the latter, he has perhaps attempted to do it too well. Professing insufficiency, as a soldier from the age of fifteen, a plain style throughout would have been preferable to the occasional efforts at fine writing, which, though not entirely failures, cannot be called successful.

The author informs us that he found the Hindostanee language most useful on his varied way, and especially in Koordistan. Previous to setting out, he takes a view of Malabar, relates some particulars of Hindoo devotées, and seems earnest in his censure of the "pigny missionaries," who are trying to convert these pain-enduring fanatics. He left Mangalore on the 4th October 1816, for Bombay, which he reached on the 16th, and thence sailed for Buzsora on the 26th in an Arab vessel, the Fuzil Kureen of 350 tons, a crew of 50 Lascars, and 90 passengers, one-third Persians, and the rest Arabs, Turks, Jews, and Gentiles of every description. They made the Devil's Gap, on the Arabian Coast, by the 7th November, and were becalmed within the bay for five days. A strange instance of chance confirming superstition is here narrated. A Turk of distinction among the passengers, the author says,

Had attributed our ill-luck and detention to the vices and crimes of some unknown individual amongst our passengers or crew. The finger of the Prophet was on the evil one, and whilst he remained amongst us, uncleanse of his sins, no good, it seems,

could be expected. A general ablution, therefore, had been proposed, at an early hour on the morning of the 12th. The sea was at hand to cleanse a greater load of filth than we could boast amongst us, though we were by no means deficient; and the experiment succeeded to admiration: an Arab and a Jew disappearing from our stern, almost at the moment that the breeze sprung up. The occurrence spoke for itself! "Ish aut Allah," said a grave Turk, stroking his beard; "we have a fair wind; they must have been bad men." It was the only observation the accident called forth from the worthy ancient; and within the day it was forgotten, even by those who had exerted themselves most strenuously in behalf of the unfortunate pair.

The breeze thus obtained brought them in a few hours to Muskat, where the author took, during their stay, a fruitless trip into the interior, which was unhospitable and barren.

Saïd Ben Saïd, the present Imam of Muskat, resides in a palace near the sea, that was once the cathedral church of the Portuguese garrison. This Imam is a Prince of considerable importance, entirely independent of the Porte, and divides this part of Arabia with the Prince of Mecha and the Wahabees, though in unequal shares; his authority, generally speaking, extending to the province of Oman only. If we may trust report, he can bring 7000 men into the field, partly Belooches and Sindians, from the neighbourhood of Tatta. It is however as a naval power chiefly that Saïd Ben Saïd should rank amongst the surrounding tribes; the people of Rass al Kymer, who can bring some thousand horse into the field, having generally proved successful (as in the last war, when they killed his brother) in the various encounters that they have had. This navy consists of the Caroline, a frigate of 40 guns, and tolerably equipped; two large vessels, that were formerly Indiamen; and about 30 or 35 inferior craft.

The pirates of the gulf are composed of various Arab tribes; the chief of these, the Joassmees of Rass el Kymer, being, however, intimately connected with the Wahabees, (a power already acknowledged) our government has felt reluctant to engage in hostilities, and hence arises the impunity they boast. Their fleet is said to consist of sixty large, and between eight and nine hundred vessels of a smaller size; with 18 or 19 thousand men on board. Their history reaches back to a very remote antiquity; as the empire of the pirate King, seizing (as described in the Koran of Ebn Hankal) on every valuable ship, is said to have been known prior to the deliverance from Egypt of the children of Israel. The Wahabees, in particular, first mentioned by Niebuhr, are also noticed as springing from the province of Nedsjed; where Mosellama, the great contemporary opponent of Mahomet, first propagated the doctrines of

his faith. These are probably the same with the Mobeyyidites, or the Sufid Jameh-gians (as they are called by the Persians,) who were anciently followers of Hakem Ebn Hashem; sometimes called Al Mokanna, and Al Borkai (or the veiled) by the Arabs.\* Of this sect it is related, that in the reign of the Calif Al Mohdi, of the race of Abbas, Hakem Ebn Hashem, their prophet, gained a number of proselytes in Nakhshab and Kash; giving out that the Divinity resided in his person, and had descended to him from Adam, and through the Prophets that had appeared. He acquired great power, but being at last besieged by the Calif's forces, he poisoned and burnt his wives, children, and concubines, and threw himself into the flames, in the 163d year of the Hegira, promising his followers he would again appear.

The pirates of the gulf, at various times, have proved equally hostile to the trade of Portugal and our own; some of their ships carrying as many as forty guns, with a crew of 300 men. In 1808, they seized the Hon. Company's cruiser, the Sylph, with the Persian secretary attached to our mission on board, and had proceeded to the murdering of the crew, when the dreadful work was arrested, and the survivors rescued by the interposition of His Majesty's ship the Nereide; which engaged and sunk the pirates, after a short, but well contested fight. Subsequent to this, the Minerva merchantman, Captain Hoppgood, was attacked by a fleet consisting of 55 ships and dows, carrying together upwards of 5000 men. After a distant fight of two days, the Arabs contrived to run her on board, and attacking from their poops obtained possession of her decks. The issue of the contest is almost too horrible to obtain belief, or bear the relation. Covered with wounds, and sinking into death, Captain Hoppgood perceived the impossibility of saving his ship; he delivered his only remaining pistol to one of his mates, with strict injunctions to proceed to the magazine, and to blow her up at the moment the Arabs should board. It had been glorious to their memory, and eminently advantageous to future navigators, had the command been carried into effect. One below, however, the mate, only thought of his own safety, and ran to hide himself; the boarding proved successful, and resistance was at an end. It was then the deliberate work of death began; and with all those circumstances of a barbarous solemnity, and all those superstitious ceremonies that were calculated to increase the horrors of the scene. The ship was purified, with water, with prayers, and perfumes. Singly and bound, the victims were then brought forth; and whilst shouts of exultation, and Allah! Akbar! resounded from every side, they were made to stretch out their throats to receive the knife; and were offered up as a propitiatory sacrifice. Allah il Allah! "There is no God, but God," and the

scene closed. A single and mutilated individual was alone spared, and landed at the next port, to convey the dreadful intelligence.

In 1809, we rejoice to add, this great outrage on humanity was punished by our Government; Rass al Kymer was stormed, and 53 of the Pirates' largest ships destroyed; and it was not till 1816 that these wretches dared again to appear in licentious force.

On the 4th of December, Lieutenant Heude arrived at Busheer, after a somewhat romantic and disastrous voyage. On the 21st he reached Bussora, and on the 16th of January set out for Bagdad, the route to which, occupying a month, was rendered particularly dangerous by the war waged between the contending parties for that Pashalik, in which the Bedouins espoused the unsuccessful side. Mr. Colquhoun, the resident at Bussora, procured him a guide, in a messenger about to be sent off with dispatches, and having assumed an Arab dress, our enterprising countryman began a journey across half the world. His companion merits description:—

Aly Aga, Chiouse, or messenger, styling himself master and commander, was a Turk of about 45; who might have appeared full ten years older, from the life which he had led, had not an uncommonly strong constitution and robust frame withstood the great fatigues he had endured in his profession, and the potent draughts which he had quaffed. He was a man rather under the middle size, but formed as if intended for a very superior height, his broad spreading chest and sinewy limbs seeming to belong to a Colossus that had been arrested in its growth. He was extremely filthy, even for a Turk; might have been the greatest liar on earth, had he not another failing, that frequently checked him in the midst of all his boastings; and prided himself, next to the quantity he could drink, and the number of miles he had ridden, on his character for discretion, and his knowledge of the world—that is, of the road between Bussora and Bagdad, which he had travelled much oftener than he could always count. . . . The first order he issued was, that I should prepare abundance of eatables (and drinkables, if I required them, as he never touched any thing of the kind) for the journey; and be ready to leave the residency at four. At half past 5 he presented himself; equipped for the march in wide Turkish trowsers that reached up to his arm-pits, and were supported by a broad buff belt that contained a formidable battery, mounting three heavy pistols in the front, a carbine in the rear-face, with a long dagger and a sword; ramrods, pouches, and cartridge rolls, a score on either flank.

Such was the angel to conduct our adventurous Traveller through the wild

tribes of Arabia; and it is certainly a rather whimsical fact, that one of their earlier stages was Korna, on the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates, the spot so generally held to be the site of the Garden of Eden, or Paradise, of which there is a very pretty etching in this volume. It is now only distinguished from the desert (a barren, black, desolated wilderness) by a few palm trees, a marsh overgrown with rushes, a little cultivation, and 50 or 60 miserable huts.

(To be continued.)

#### SALAMÉ'S NARRATIVE.

[Adventures in the Desert: remarkable Mummy Pit.]

There are many parts of this ingenious and ingenuous gentleman's account of his movements in regions little known to Europeans, which we shall select for our present Number. After being shipwrecked in the Red Sea, he got to Assiut, whence he crossed to the east bank of the Nile, to go to Cairo privately with the caravan. On this march, having "been overcome with sorrow," he let his beard grow ("though composed of very few hairs, being too young,") and dressed himself like an Arab Bedouin to escape from the Turks. He was accidentally left alone in the desert, and gives a very amusing account of his night's adventures:—

After I had (says he) with great difficulty obtained two loaves of miserable barley bread, and some stinking cheese, with a jar, about a gallon of water, I went (not knowing what had happened) to our halting-place, where, to my astonishment, I found nobody but a few boys picking up some dry dates, which, apparently, were spread about by the haste in reloading the camels. I asked them whether they knew any thing about the caravan? Their answer was, that the Turks had been there, and plundered the goods; and that the Arabs had hardly time to run away with the camels towards the mountains. Although I was alarmed at the information, yet I was doubtful of the truth.

At last, thinking that every soul in the caravan was in want of water and provision, and that they could not proceed on to a far distance without halting at some place, I thought the best way was to lift up my provision on my shoulders and proceed through the desert, following the footsteps of the camels. I walked till the moon was set, when it became dark, and I could not see the footsteps at all. Now, being alarmed, fatigued, and hungry, I resolved to stop where I was until the morning; yet I was only afraid of being seized by some animal during the night. However, after I had lain down on the ground, and eat very hearty of that *uneatable* bread and cheese, and drank *bumperly* of that unplea-

\* The personage who figures under the title of "The Veiled Prophet" in Lalla Rookh.



sant water, I thought I saw or heard the creeping of some animals at a distance; whereupon my fear increased, and I considered my body as a prey to the wild beasts, because I had no arms whatever, and there was no tree or place to take refuge. My only consolation in this distressing situation was, that I knew in that district of desert there were no ferocious animals, as lions, tigers, &c. but a great number of gazels (a kind of deer,) wolves, some wild sheep, and a very few hyenas; and as for the latter (which is the worst,) I had heard the Arabs saying, that "if you should strike fire, it would run away directly." I took two round pieces of flint (which was in great abundance on the ground) and began to strike one upon the other as fast as I could; but the more fire and noise I made, the nearer I saw the animals coming towards me! I then left off every thing, and *lifted up my tails on my shoulders,\** and began to run away towards a hill, whereupon I heard the voice of a man calling, "Whose shade is there? If a friend, do not fear, and if an enemy, thou shalt have a shot." On hearing this, I was of course relieved, and answered with great cheerfulness, "Friend, friend!" "Of which tribe art thou?" "I am of the Arabs Máázec." His answer was, "Who are of the same tribe as our Arabs." I then went to him, and found that he was kept back to drive twelve or fifteen cows and oxen belonging to our caravan, which were overcome with fatigue, and could hardly move.

After I had stated to him my circumstances and what had happened to the caravan, and relieved him with a part of my provision, he was good enough to offer me his dromedary, which, at that moment, was the greatest relief to me in the world. When I mounted it, he told me not to guide nor to touch her (it was a she dromedary) with the whip, but to let her alone, and that I might be sure that she would carry me, in a very short time, to the spot where the caravan was, and that I had only to keep myself steady on her back, and to fear nothing. He recommended me to keep my mouth and nose covered up, in order to prevent the effect of the air while she was running. I started with her about twelve o'clock at night; and when she was heated and began to gallop, I thought myself as if I was flying in the air.† At about two

o'clock in the morning, I saw, at a distance, some fires; and, in a quarter of an hour after, I found myself in a camp of Arabs, where she went and kneeled down by a black tent, and began to make a terrible noise. I immediately knew that it was not our caravan. However, on the dromedary's voice, I saw an old woman coming out of the tent, exclaiming, "Welcome, my dear son!" but when she approached to kiss me, and found that I was not her son, she began to howl "Murder, Murder! here is a Turkman who has killed my son and seized his dromedary!" and she made a horrible rout throughout the camp, when every body got up and came to her assistance. I then told them, that I was neither Turk nor Mamluk; and stated the circumstances of the caravan, and how the dromedary had brought me to their camp. The woman would not believe my account, and insisted on revenging her son's blood by *smothering me under a camel's belly!* On hearing this, I of course began to think very seriously of my unhappy luck, and how to get over it. I asked for the chief of the tribe, to whom I gave the name of the chief of our Arabs, and of the man with whom I was as passenger; and told him to arrest me at his tent till he sent to inquire where the caravan was (which could not be at a great distance from that neighbourhood,) and to have a full information of the facts. He at first objected, saying, that a horseman could not go without being paid: but understanding that I was a harmless person and possessed nothing but my life, he took me to his tent, and immediately dispatched one of his people to ascertain the fact. I staid in the family of this good man six days, when the messenger returned with the confirmation of all the circumstances.

I then requested him to send me to Cairo; whereupon he said, that he could not send me with any of his men publicly, but he would convey me with some of the countrymen who go to sell straw; and that I was to disguise myself like one of them, and to drive before me a camel loaded with straw. In short, I did all that he told me, and, at last, succeeded in entering Cairo as a straw-seller.

On another occasion the author relates a very curious fact, the discovery of a Mummy Pit at Toona-El-gabal, a small village on the desert, near the mouth of Joseph's Canal, northward of *Daldgé wél-Bádraman*, and west of *Ashmoonén* and *Mallawi*. Mr. Sálámé says,

While my servant was digging to fix the pillar of my tent, I observed the ground gave way, and was easy in digging. After the pillar with the tent upon it was fixed, I

the nostril; and when the rider wishes to stop, he must manage to get the animal cold by degrees, at a distance of two or three miles from the intended place. They are very delicate creatures; and the difference between a dromedary and a camel is something like that between a greyhound and a common dog. They are sold as high as 500*l.* each, and not without the certificate of breed.

saw it began to sink down a little; and in a few minutes it was almost half sunk in the ground, and we could not get it out. I then was induced to cause a large excavation; and, when the servant had dug about three feet deep, I saw the pillar entangled betwixt two stones. He then continued to dig around the stones, and I clearing away the sand, till we discovered a kind of hatchway, about three feet square, covered up with several stones standing right-up, and poised, one edge inclined upon the other; yet at the sides there was a space of more than six inches between each other. The stones being too heavy, I applied to Sháheen Bey for help of a few men, who, thinking that there was a treasure, ordered more than ten men to assist me. After the stones were removed, I saw that it was a square pit, about fifteen feet deep; and at the bottom of one side there was a small gate. I then dropped my servant down with a rope; but, on his reaching the bottom, and attempting to go in through the gate, began to cry out that he was choked by the suffocating smell, and could not stand any longer; whereupon we drew him up again. On the next morning, considering that the fresh air had penetrated into the pit, I took my servant and a candle with me, and went down myself. I passed through the gate, which was about three feet square, to a subterranean, hewn in the rock, about six or seven feet high, and between twenty or thirty wide. I walked in it about thirty yards, where I saw on one side many dead bodies, wrapped up with white cloths, and laid down one by the side of the other. Now the Bey, on hearing of my going down into the pit, sent two of his slaves to attend the treasure, which I was to find; but when they saw nothing but dead bodies, they laughed at me, and went away directly. I walked about twenty or thirty yards more, on the other side, where I saw, in the centre, a painted box or coffin, shaped by a sculpture (as the usual Egyptian mummies) of a young woman's figure, with an inscription of hieroglyphics upon it, from the neck to the feet only. Here I began to feel my breathing become short, and the air heavy: I then declined proceeding any farther, and only contrived to take the coffin out, which I did by the assistance of the servant, and brought it to my tent. It was in a most perfect state, and looked as if it was quite new. The colours of the painting were very bright, blue all around the head and the sides of the coffin, representing as a garment, or cover, dropping from the forehead backward over the body, and gathered with the hands across the breast. A fine red, and little yellow, were the ornaments within the edges of the blue, about the shoulders and the neck, shewing the rest of the dress; and white was the colour of the face, hands, &c. From the neck to the feet it was painted a stripe of fair white colour, about six inches wide, which was full of hieroglyphic characters, and on no other part of the coffin was there any of the same writing!—the whole of which was quite unknown to me, and more

\* Explanation.—As the eastern dresses are loose, and always dropping down, people could not run easily without lifting them up; and the above is the common phraseology.

† The dromedaries bred by the Arabs Ababde, are generally known to be superior to any others; yet they have a particular breed called "*Eshmyr*," or *Touly*, which goes (as they say) in one hour as great a distance as a horse would go in ten. The rider of this kind of dromedary does not eat and drink but very little: he must fasten himself with a rope round it, and fill up his ears and nose with some cotton, to prevent the effect of the air produced by the swiftness of the animal. These extraordinary quadrupeds bear hunger and thirst for three days, or perhaps more, if a few dates are given now and then, while travelling in the desert. They are guided by a ring passed through

singular than any of the common Egyptian mummies that I ever saw.

Now my tent became as an exhibition, and every one of the Beys was most curious to know why I intended to carry this dead body with me, which was to anticipate an ill omen unto them. Owing to this superstition, Shaheen Bey sent and asked me to take the mummy to his tent, where I went, and saw him waiting with several other Beys to see what the box contained. On his telling me that he wished to have the box opened, I begged him most earnestly to spare it. He replied, that it was impossible for him to allow me to carry it while I was with the camp; and even if he should, the other Beys would not permit me doing it. I then wished to return it to the pit as it was; whereupon Omar Bey (one of the family of Osman Bey Hassan) said, "These dead bodies of infidels have always ornaments of jewels, gold, &c. upon them; and under their arms they carry an amulet, written upon a long-stripe of paper, rolled up and hung on their neck." In reply I said, 'I never heard of such thing, nor would believe it.' He then stepped forward, took a ring off his finger, and said, "This is a ring which I found on the finger of a similar dead body, while I was at El-wastta opposite to Assiut." I took the ring from him, and observed it was of very soft or rather elastic gold, bearing a deep yellow colour, and of a very coarse workmanship. The bezel was of an oval shape, about the size of a sixpence, and I believe it was of emerald root, being a transparent dark green colour. A superior engraving of a fine woman's bust was upon it; to which, being not an antiquarian, I dare not give any name; but I can only say that all her hair was curled, and drooping about the neck, and every curl represented a serpent's figure, very highly executed. He added, that he had found, besides the ring, a necklace, on the same body, composed of some yellow pearls, emerald stones, and gold coins; and that he had disposed of the jewels, and used the gold in gilding his sabre. I asked him about the amulet: he said that he had it in his pocket-book, which he lost very lately in crossing the river. On my returning the ring to him, he promised to give it to me on the day of their victory over the Pashá (which never was,) notwithstanding he was offered by an European 300 dollars for it.

Now Shaheen Bey, as well as the others, on hearing all this story (of which I cannot say whether it is true or not,) were most anxious for the opening of the coffin; and a carpenter was ordered to come immediately. When the carpenter came, I had no other satisfaction but to look how the box was constructed, and to try to open it accordingly, without breaking it. It was of two solid concaved pieces only; that is to say, the front part of the figure was the cover, and the back part was the bottom of the coffin, both of which were hewn like two shells, of a kind of white sound wood, resembling deal; and were fastened one upon the other with square nails, ending in

a pyramidal shape on both points, of a kind of reddish-coloured and hard wood, let in into the inner or contacting edges (not passed through holes from one side to the other.) The wood of the coffin was about two inches thick, and the nails were more than half an inch square at the centre. After the coffin was thus opened, I saw the body lying in a perfect state in it, wrapped up with white cloth. The Beys now wishing to satiate their brutal greediness by an inspection of the body, I undertook, out of curiosity, to open the cloths myself—ten or twelve folds of cloth, in which the body was completely wrapped up; and from the head to the feet, a string made of two folds of the same cloth, about an inch wide, was tied, in close circles, all round the body. About the cloth, I cannot say whether it was of linen or cotton, being of a white yellowish colour, and a little rotted, notwithstanding it was a great deal better preserved, or sound, than that of the usual mummies is. When I opened the cloth, I saw the face of a young girl, about twenty years of age. The hair, the features, the flesh, and the body, all together, were sound, and in a perfect state, except the nose was turned on one side, which I think was on account of the tightness of the bandages; and the colour of the flesh was as brown as mahogany, yet the flesh itself was flexible. The arms were extended by the sides of the body, and the hands fastened to the legs. On finding neither jewels nor amulet upon the mummy, our barbarians would not cease without completing their brutality. They cut the body in pieces, and every one that was present took out his *khandger*, or dagger, and chopped a bit of the flesh! \* whereupon I saw the inside of it was like jelly, and, from the joints of the bones, the fat was running like oil, the smell of which was as that of rancid butter, or rather like old ham. After all this barbarism was ended, I collected the bones, put them in the cloths, and returned them to the pit again. I took a copy of the writings upon the coffin, and left the wood exposed at the mouth of the pit on purpose. If therefore this place is not known to other travellers, before or after me, it is very easy for any one going to Ashmoonén to see the ancient *Hermopolis*, to inquire about the western desert plain of *Toona El-jabel* (which, I suppose, is the ancient *Tanis*;) and to look over that neighbourhood from north to south, about half or three-quarters of a mile west of the cultivated lands, where I have no doubt he must find it out. In my humble opinion, this subterranean proba-

\* The mummies flesh is used by the Egyptians, and by many people of the East, as a soldering remedy or cement to broken bones, and as a strengthener to weak nerves, &c. &c. If a person met with an accident of breaking some of his bones, they take a bit of mummy flesh, melt it on the fire, and rub (after he is half cured) the injured parts with it! On this account the Arabs, now and then, go into the mummy pits (chiefly those of *Sacharâ*;) bring out a mummy, and sell it, in quarters, to the druggists of Cairo.

bly was the burial-place of *Hermopolis*, as the colours of the coffin correspond with those which are still to be seen on the remaining magnificent portico of that ancient city.

#### TRAVELS IN ASIATIC TURKEY.

*Observations on a Journey from Constantinople to Brussa and Mount Olympus, and thence back to Constantinople by the way of Nice and Nicomedia.* By Joseph von Hammer. Published at Pest.

From the tombs and the dead, M. Von Hammer returns to take a survey of the buildings of Brussa and their living inhabitants, their occupations and their government, on which he makes the following remarks:—

"The houses of Brussa are built partly of stone, partly of brick, and partly of wood. The corners of houses, which at the same time form corners of streets, have a particular smoothness or polish, and this polish commences with an architectural ornament placed at a tolerable height from the ground. By an ingenious arrangement of the brick-work, hollows are made in the walls, forming receding parallelepipeds. The city of Brussa, which was burnt to ashes at the commencement of the present century, has only by degrees again risen from ruins.

"According to the statements of the inhabitants, Brussa contains several hundred thousand moslems; but this would be an exaggeration, even were we to include 6000 Armenians, 3500 Greeks, and 1200 Jews, who cannot properly be reckoned among the Mahometan portion of the population. The Armenian and Greek churches are under Metropolitan Bishops, who depend on the Patriarchs at Constantinople. The Armenian priests, who perform the ecclesiastical duties, and who live in community in the churches, are partly Monks (*Karabash*, or black-heads,) like their Bishop, and are prohibited from marrying; others reside in the town with their wives and children. Their Metropolitan church, if not larger, is far more superbly ornamented than the Metropolitan church at Constantinople. The Armenian churches, in their architecture and arrangement, differ entirely from the Greek churches, for they are both spacious and light. They contain neither benches nor stools, the floor is covered with matting, and excepting the three altars which rise on a line with each other, their interior resembles mosques rather than Christian churches. These three altars are erected on a walled estrade or platform, about six feet from the ground, under three vaults, which are connected together by a passage concealed in the wall.

"During solemn mass, the High Priest is, with his Deacons and Acolytes, in continual motion between these three altars, sometimes praying and burning incense before them, sometimes concealed from the view of the congregation by retiring through the communicating passage, or into the *sanctum sanctorum*, and then appearing again enveloped in the smoke of the in-



ense, as a celestial messenger ascending on high. The differences in the outward worship of the Greek and Armenian churches call to mind the original essential distinction between the ancient Egyptian worship, in the hollows of rocks and in obscure temples lined with hieroglyphic images, and the ancient Persian which was performed on hills in the open air and without images.

"The Greeks still take pleasure in the secret Egyptian darkness, and in the extravagant adoration of the Madonna, which closely resembles the worship of Isis; whilst the Armenian, impressed with a recollection of the mountains of his native country and those of neighbouring Persia, prefers ascending a hill and singing Hosannah to his God.

"At Constantinople we were frequently told of the religious fanaticism of the Mahometan inhabitants of Brussa, and their unkind treatment of strangers; however, we experienced the very contrary. We were every where received with civility, and the people constantly shewed a readiness to gratify our curiosity, and indeed we found it far easier to gain access to the tombs and mosques at Brussa than at Constantinople. The bad character which the inhabitants of Brussa have acquired among foreigners, and particularly travellers, who, ignorant of the real state of things, can only see, without the opportunity of conversing, may perhaps be accounted for by a certain fierce and ill-natured expression which is stamped on the countenances of the people, and which forms a singular contrast to the civility of their manners, and particularly to their friendly treatment of foreigners. On closer observation it will be found that this repulsive expression proceeds from a defect in the eyes, peculiar to the natives of Brussa alone, and not to strangers settled there. This singular expression of the eye, which it is far easier to perceive than to describe, is apparent both in men and women, and even in children of the earliest age. It consists in a squinting and half closing of the eye, as though the ocular nerve were affected by the too strong light of day. Difficult as it is to describe this singularity, it is still more difficult to assign a cause for it, for none of the ordinary local causes of disorders in the eye exist here. The rays of the sun do not rebound from steep rocks, but diffuse themselves equally over masses of green and luxuriant vegetation. The soil is not a desert, where millions of glittering grains of sand wound the eyes by their reflecting rays; neither is it impregnated with salt, nor, as in Egypt, damp with the dew of night after excessive heat; and diseases of the eye are not more frequent here than elsewhere. The cause of this peculiarity is therefore as worthy the attention of a reflecting physician, as the analysis of the mineral waters.

"The silk manufactures of Brussa are no less objects of curiosity to the merchant than its baths to the naturalist, and the inquiries respecting these objects render it not unreasonable in the Turks to apply

either the term *Hekim* (Doctor,) or *Basirgan* (Merchant,\*) to all foreigners who visit this city.

"The annual produce of raw silk at Brussa is estimated at a hundred thousand toffets, that is to say, 3000 hundred weight, for the toffet weighs 610 drachms. During the last hundred years, its price has risen considerably, for the toffet of raw silk, which in Tournesfort's time cost between 15 and 20 piasters, is now sold for 88 or 90; this rise, however, is not so great as at first sight appears, owing to the diminution of the value of the piaster. The silk manufactures of Brussa consist in wove silks, of which upwards of 100,000 pieces are annually produced, a stuff resembling gauze, which is used for women's dresses, and a kind of velvet (*Kapite*) for covering sofa cushions. The wove silks, which are either striped or sprigged, are made into tasteful long vests or under garments both for men and women. For vests, a sort of transparent stuff resembling gauze (*Burundshik*) is also employed; it is a manufacture of the cos kind, sometimes half transparent and sometimes interwoven with transparent stripes. As this gauze will not wash perfectly white, but always retains the yellow colour of raw silk, the silvery whiteness of a fair skin shines with the more lustre through the transparent stripes, and the beauties of the Harem, attired in these dresses, appear in consequence of the alternate disposition of the thick and thin portions of the stuff, like gold and silver striped zebbras. The velvet used for covering cushions, resembles the well known fanciful patterns of Turkey carpets, except that the ground is always white, and the flowers or other figures blue, green, red, or yellow; generally of one colour, though sometimes variegated.

"Besides the silks above mentioned, the gauze for women's clothes, and the velvet for sofa and cushion covers, blue and naphtha-coloured linen for bathing gowns (*Pishonals*), and silk purses and tassels, are made at Brussa. It would appear that this abundance of silk is owing to the great quantity of mulberry-trees with which the whole plain of Brussa (generally called the Field of *Filehlar*) is covered. No less than seven different kinds of mulberries, and forty of pears, grow in the neighbourhood of Brussa; and the grapes, apricots, cherries, and particularly the chestnuts, are celebrated for their abundance and fine flavour. The

\* The Turks divide all travelling foreigners into three classes, namely, *Hekim* (Physician,) *Basirgan* (Merchant,) and *Kapudan* (Captain.) The term *Kapudan* includes captains of ships as well as military officers; and *Hekim* means naturalist as well as doctor. They address every travelling foreigner by one or other of these three names, according as they conjecture from outward appearances, that the love of philosophy or of money, a desire to administer medical aid to his suffering fellow-creatures, or military duty, is the occasion of his visit. As for his nation, they invariably suppose him to be either a *Moskav* (Russian), an *Anglis* (Englishman), a *Fransis* (Frenchman), or a *Neutsche* (German.) Such are their ideas of professions and countries.

chestnuts sometimes weigh forty drachms each, and when broiled with the one nut on which is fed on Olympus, form a most exquisite dish, called *Kerde Kebabi*. Among the principal dainties in bread may be ranked the fine flavoured rolls (*Sunum*), and the white bread (*Tekahli ekmei*); among the confectionary, the Halvati preparations (*Takis* and *Mummesik*); among the sherbets, the carnation sherbet (*Kanan-fili Sherbeti*) and another kind called *Seed-shah Sherbet*, which deserve to be noticed for their superior qualities. Thus Brussa merits a no less honourable place on the Apician map of the *Gourmand*, than on the picturesque sketch of the admirer of beautiful scenery, or the statistical tables of the politician. From the last indeed, as the third city and most ancient capital of the Empire, as a commercial mart, and the chief town of the *Kodavendkiar Sandshah*, Brussa merits particular attention.

"After the conquest of Constantinople, Brussa ceased to be the residence of the Sultans; but it still remained the capital of the *Kodavendkiar* district, that is to say, of the Self-Ruler, so named after Murad I. This district contains 420 great fiefs (*Siamet*), and 1005 smaller ones (*Tihar*). The revenues of the Pashaw are, in the old *Kaman*, estimated at 618,079 aspers, and those of the Judge at 500 aspers. The Judge (*Molla*) of Brussa is one of the highest dignities among the *Ulemas*, for it leads immediately to the honourable post of Judges of the two chief cities of the empire, Adrianople and Constantinople. After the *Molla* the spiritual authorities of Brussa hold the highest rank: namely, the *Shahi*, the decider of difficult cases; the *Nushid-elegrif*, chief of the Emirs, or relations of the Prophet. The military authorities are the officers of the *Janissaries* and *Spahis* (*Fenitcheri Serdari* and *Spahikiaya Vesi*.) The officers of the Revenue are;—the Superintendent of the Customs, *Gecimukhemini*; the director of the silk-works (*Harir Emni*.) Finally, the police officers are, the *Voiscode* of the city, the *Sabash*, or Police Commissioner; the *Mukteshib*, or Market Judge; and the *Ayah Nahi*, or Provost."

M. van Hammer gives the following brief sketch of the ancient history of the town.

"According to Ptolemy, Brussa was built by Hannibal, at the period when he visited Prusias, King of Bithynia. After Mithridates was defeated by Lucullus at Cyzicus, Triarius besieged and conquered the town. The coins of Brussa bearing the head of the Roman emperors, prove that they were acknowledged as its sovereigns. The Byzantine emperors frequently visited Brussa, on account of its baths; Constantine, and his consort Theodora, visited it in the year 797. *Seifed-Deula* the Great, a Prince of the *Humadan* family, celebrated in the writings of *Motenebbi*, in the year 941 besieged Brussa for the space of a year, until at length it surrendered, on which he demolished the walls. Osman, the founder of the Empire, having unsuccessfully besieged Brussa on three separate occasions, re-

signed the siege to his son Orkhan. The latter built two towers at *Kapleedaha* and *Bunarbashee*, by means of which the city was conquered after seven months resistance, in the year of the Hegira 726, or 1325 of the Christian era. Osman died in the moment of victory, with the satisfactory conviction, that whilst he found a grave in the capital of Bythania, it would subsequently become the imperial residence of his descendants. How the latter have ornamented Brussa by mosques and mausoleums, baths, and fountains, has already been described; and we have now only to mention the walls with which the city was surrounded in the reign of Mohammed III. during the rebellions of *Yasidhe Oghli*, *Kalender Oghli*, and *Jennet Oghli*, and other disorders by which Anatolia was then convulsed."

(To be continued.)

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS,  
FOR MARCH 1819.

(Continued.)

Recherches sur les Bibliothèques anciennes et modernes, jusqu'à la fondation de la bibliothèque Mazarine, &c. Par M. Louis, Ch. Fr. Petit Radel, &c. &c.

M. Petit Radel had at first merely undertaken an historical view of the Mazarine Library, of which he has the care; but he soon turned his attention to similar establishments, both ancient and modern, and has thereby rendered his labour much more useful. We had, it is true, many works on the foundation, the duration, and the destruction of the libraries of all ages and countries; but in general the authors have not sufficiently examined in what consisted the real riches and the immediate utility of these repositories; how far they were accessible, what books they contained, what aid they afforded to the development of talent, to the progress of knowledge. The attention of M. Petit Radel has been chiefly directed to these important points, and this is what will distinguish his work from all preceding ones with a similar title.

In the first section he takes a rapid view of the most curious libraries or archives, from those of the Hebrews and Greeks, to those which existed in France at the end of the eighth century. The plan of the author does not permit him to dwell on this part, and, in fact, he merely mentions those of Athens and Rome, and even that of Alexandria. What he endeavours to prove is, that Aristotle, Cato, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Strabo, Pliny, and Plutarch, had need of a very great number of books to compose theirs; he even finds in the historical and geographical epithets employed by Virgil and Silius Italicus, the proofs of an erudition derived from the most remote sources. A fact still more certain is, that the first ecclesiastical writers, Justin, Theophilus of Antioch, Tatian, Clemens of Alexandria, Origen, Eusebius, had at their disposal all the literary productions of the preceding ages, those which have remained to us, and many of those, the loss of which

we regret. St. Augustin also quotes a great number in his *City of God*, and he informs us elsewhere that there was a library at Hippo. Pope Hilary founded one in St. John de Lutran; that which Isidore of Pelusium had in his monastery was rich in profane authors, if we may judge by the quotations with which he has filled his own epistles. It would be difficult to go back to the origin of the collections of the same kind formed in the Gauls; but Sidonius Apollinarius, who had himself doubtless collected many classical works, because he makes frequent use of them, speaks with praise of the private libraries of some of his contemporaries. M. Petit Radel extracts from the works of Cassiodorus, and of Isidore of Seville, the names of the Greek and Latin authors known in the 6th and 7th centuries, among the Goths and the Spaniards. But some ancient authors already begin to disappear: Strabo, for instance, quoted by Cassiodorus, is not quoted by Isidore, who mentions Ptolemy and copies Solinus. Several ancient luminaries are extinguished or eclipsed in the 8th century, where, however, in the midst of barbarism, M. Petit Radel still finds some vestiges of knowledge and remains of literary collections.

The second section is "A View of the ancient Libraries of France between the 9th and 13th centuries." In 814 the library of Pontivi contained only 200 volumes; and yet the author points it out as the most considerable which can be mentioned in the middle ages. What is incontestable is, that books and study had taken refuge in the monasteries. To give us an idea of the composition of the libraries of those times, M. Petit Radel continues to collect notices of all kinds, testimonies of contemporary historians, complete or partial catalogues, quotations scattered in the writings of various authors, &c. Photius alone has left us extracts from above two hundred authors.

The history of the libraries of France is continued in the third section from the beginning of the 13th century to the middle of the 15th. St. Louis founded one at La Sainte-Chapelle, and rendered it accessible to the learned, the professors, and even to students; it was especially so to Vincent de Beauvais, and we should have reason to suppose that it was extremely rich if we could believe that it contained all the books quoted, extracted, or copied by that author in the four parts of his encyclopedical collection. But Vincent had visited many other collections of MSS. particularly that of St. Martin de Tournay. However, this library of St. Louis is perhaps the first example in Europe of a public library: but it is not the germ of the Royal Library, for St. Louis by his will divided this moderate collection between the Franciscans, the Abbey of Royaumont, and the Jacobins of Paris and Compiègne. We discover no similar depot under Philip III. and it is not certain that that which Philip IV. began was preserved after his death. It was still in the monasteries that libraries, properly so called, were preserved and enriched.

M. Petit Radel, if the plan of his work had allowed of details respecting these establishments, might have distinguished those formed by the Dominicans and the Franciscans. Of all the religious bodies of this period, they were those who were the most sensible of the value of those literary treasures, and also collected them with the greatest care.

In the 14th century, Charles V. placed in a tower of the Louvre a library, the catalogue of which, drawn up in 1373 by Gilles Mallet, contains 900 articles. M. Petit Radel observes, that with the exception of a Livy, a Valerius Maximus, a Lucan, a Boetius, Latin versions of Euclid, and of the *Almagest* of Ptolemy, all the articles in the catalogue of 1373 are either compositions or translations in the vulgar tongue. Persons of real learning, however, still set a great value on the Greek and Latin classics. Petrarch caused search to be made for them in France, England, Italy, and Greece; his writings shew that he had read a great number of them, and among the authors whom he quotes, we find Censorinus, of whom we meet with no previous mention later than the time of Cassiodorus.

In the course of the 15th century, Ambrose le Camaldule, Nicoli, Aurispa, and Poggio, discovered precious MSS. and restored to light some of the treasures of antiquity. M. Petit Radel thinks, however, that the services rendered by Poggio have been exaggerated. He recovered, it is true, Asconius Pedianus, Silius Italicus, Valerius Flaccus, Ammianus Marcellinus, the three grammarians, Caper, Eutychius and Probus; but it is a mistake to add to this list the names of Lucretius, Manilius, Frontinus, Nonnius Marcellus, and Quintilian; all of which were known before; he, however, had the merit of discovering, in a damp cellar in the Abbey of St. Gall, a better MS. of Quintilian than any before known.

Among the discoveries of the same kind which M. Petit Radel speaks of, we shall only mention that of Strabo. "This author, says he, had never been heard of in France or in Italy, for all the geography of the middle ages was wholly founded on that of Ptolemy. Strabo remained unknown from the time of Jornandis, who quoted him in the 6th century, and had easily procured his work, on account of the close connexion of the Goths with Greece, where this author had not been quoted from the time of Suidas, also in the 6th century, unless it be by Eustatius of Thessalonica in the 12th." The time when Suidas lived is not easily fixed; but he is generally placed in the 10th, or even in the 12th century, and M. Petit Radel does not give his reasons for thinking him much more ancient. This, however, does not affect the question he discusses, namely, by whom Strabo was recovered, or brought to Italy. He proves that there is more reason to attribute this discovery to Cyriac of Ancona than to Aurispa; but he has found, since the publication of his book, that it was Francis Philadelphus who rendered this eminent service to Geography.



The third section of his work is terminated by some details on the Vatican library, and by a chronological table of the fires which have consumed twenty-five precious libraries, from that of Alexandria to that of St. Germain des Prés.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### OXFORD, MAY 15.

Tuesday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

**MASTERS OF ARTS.**—Robert Fitzherbert Fuller, of Brasenose College; Rev. David Young, of Balliol College.

**BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—John Strange Dandridge, Scholar, George Ingram Fisher, and Benjamin Saunders Claxson, of Worcester College; James Wentworth Buller, of Oriel College.

Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

**MASTERS OF ARTS.**—Rev. James Jolliffe, of Exeter College; Rev. William Norris, of Trinity College.

**BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—Samuel Davies, of St. Alban Hall; John Goodden, of Corpus Christi College; Richard Harvey, Fellow of St. John's College; Henry John Hopkins, of Magdalen Hall; John Jeane Coney, of Oriel College.

### CAMBRIDGE, MAY 14.

The following gentlemen were on Monday last admitted to the undermentioned Degrees:—

**DOCTOR IN DIVINITY.**—The Rev. John Banks Hollingworth, of St. Peter's College, Rector of the united parishes of St. Margaret Louthbury, and St. Christopher le Stocks, and minister of St. Botolph Aldgate, London.

**MASTER OF ARTS.**—Owen Reynolds, of Jesus College.

**BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—William Mansfield Stone, William Blackstone Rennel, John Harding, George John Dupuis, John Abraham Roberts, and Edward Wilkins, Fellows of King's College; F. A. Jackson, of St. John's College; George Trulock, of Christ College; J. T. Bennett, of St. Peter's College.

The following noblemen and gentlemen were on Wednesday admitted to the undermentioned Degrees:—

**HONORARY MASTERS OF ARTS.**—The Marquis Graham, of Trinity College, eldest son of the Duke of Montrose; Lord John Thynne, of St. John's College, son of the Marquis of Bath.

**MASTER OF ARTS.**—George Sowerby, of Trinity College.

**BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—John Buckle Cremer, of St. John's College; H. S. Beresford, of Clare Hall.

### ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

*Conjectures on the Oriental Practice of Writing from Right to Left, deduced from a consideration of the Names and Forms of the Hebrew Characters.* By William S. Sankey, A.M. M.R.I.A. and Extraordinary Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh.

The resemblance of some of the Hebrew characters to the sensible objects signified by their names, has been often noticed. As,

however, this resemblance appears stronger, and can be traced in a greater number of instances, when the characters are viewed, not in an horizontal but in a lateral or perpendicular position, the author of this essay conjectures, that the writing of the orientals was originally conducted, by commencing, like the Europeans, at the left side of the page, and placing the characters vertically under each other, as the Chinese do at present; and that this method, when found inconvenient, was changed to that from right to left, by the simple expedient of changing the position of the page. This conjecture is supported by arguments drawn from the mode of writing called Boustrophodon, from the form of the ancient books or rolls (particularly an Oriental MS. in the Library of Trinity College,) and from other collateral sources.

*An Essay on the Life and Writings of Oppian.* By the Rev. W. H. Drummond, LL.D. and M.R.I.A.

Oppian has never attained to much popularity in this country, though he has been panegyrised, but with considerable exceptions, by one learned English critic;\* and though three persons have been found to introduce him to the mere English reader in a metrical dress.† The author of this essay appeals from the sentence which would seem to have been tacitly passed on him, and claims for him an high place among didactic poets. His life, which appears to have been singularly amiable, bespeaks for him the good opinion of every reader; his works, even from their poetic merit, would, according to Felton and Wakefield (to say nothing of J. C. Scaliger, his warm eulogist,) well repay a careful perusal; and his descriptions of the animal creation must interest every naturalist. Dr. Drummond has introduced into his essay, observations on the state of society and manners during the period in which Oppian flourished, and particularly on the encouragement which literature and philosophy received from the Roman emperors subsequent to the reign of Augustus.

\* Vide Wakefield's Letters to Fox.

† The Halicentics have been translated into English verse by Diaper and Jones, of Balliol College; and one Book of the Cynegetics by Mawer.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### IRISH DIAMOND.

A circumstance of a singular nature, and likely to attract the notice of mineralogists, especially in Ireland, is at present the subject of conversation among the literati of Dublin. An exceedingly fine specimen of diamond crystallized has been found in the sand of a small stream in the north of Ireland. It is of the species called by lapidaries the *yellow diamond*, of extreme beauty, and remarkable size. A discovery of this kind, should it lead to further similar results, will be enough to change the distinction of *The Emerald Isle*.

### ASTRONOMICAL CONJECTURE.

The celebrated astronomer Bode of Berlin says, "Enquirers into ancient astronomy and chronology often speak of the four periods into which the ancient Indians divided the duration of the world. The first is said to have contained 1,728,000 years, the second 1,296,000, the third 864,000; and the fourth, in which we live, will last 432,000 years. Great pains have been taken to attribute to these numbers (which the Indians call Yuga) mysterious astronomical significations; and in modern times attempts have been made to connect them with the periods of the magnetic poles of the earth, of the precession of the equinoxes, of the moon, of the planetary influences, of the accidents of the weather, &c. According to my opinion, they contain nothing more than, the 2d, the number of seconds in a circle; the 1st, 3d, and 4th, the decimal seconds in two days, one day, and half a day; for

$$2d, 360^\circ \times 60' \times 60'' = 1,296,000.$$

$$1st, 48h \times 60 \times 60 = 1,728,000.$$

$$3d, 24h \times 60 \times 60 = 864,000.$$

$$4th, 12h \times 60 \times 60 = 432,000.$$

Some old Bramin and Mystic has probably made of these seconds years: and this is probably the origin of these chimerical four ages of the world. As far as I know, none of those who have hitherto attempted an explanation, has hit upon this idea."

### THE ELECTRICITY OF THE HUMAN BODY.

—Dr. Hartmann, of Francfort on the Oder, has published in a German Medical Journal, a statement, according to which he is able to produce at pleasure an efflux of electrical matter from his body towards other persons. You hear the crackling, see the sparks, and feel the electric shock. He has now acquired this faculty to so high a degree, that it depends solely on his own pleasure to make an electric spark issue from his fingers, or to draw it from any other part of his body. Thus in this electrical man, the will has an influence on the development of the electricity, which had not hitherto been observed, except in the electrical eel.

### NEW INVENTIONS: IRON RAIL-ROAD.

On the 21st of April, Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Bavaria, accompanied by her eldest son, went to view the Royal Repository of machines, where they examined Mr. Joseph Von Baader's great model of his newly invented iron rail roads. Upon a perfectly level part of this iron rail-road, Her Royal Highness drew quite alone, with her left hand, a waggon loaded, 16 cwt.; and the prince, who is only seven years old, did the same. Three waggons fastened together, and loaded with 40 cwt. were drawn in their presence by a man sixty years of age. On another part of the road, which had an almost imperceptible declination of 6½ inches in a hundred feet, the laden waggons run of themselves without any external impulse. By the latest experiments made with this invention, it is proved that

the mechanical effect of these new rail-roads exceeds that of the English, in their most perfect state, by 24 times; that they do not cost half the expense, and that one horse can draw more on such a rail-road than 22 upon the best causeway.—*Bavarian Journal.*

**TELEGRAPHS.**—A M. Viellan has laid before the French government a plan for a new organization of telegraphs, by which it is said to be possible to send daily 3000 dispatches to all parts of the kingdom, and to receive answers. M. Viellan likewise proposes to let the merchants partake in the benefit of this rapid communication.

### THE FINE ARTS.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 143. Lending a Bite. *W. Mulready, R.A.* One boy is allowing another a bite of his apple: the wide stretched mouth and greedy looks of the *biter*, are well contrasted with the pinching apprehension of the *bitee*, whose thumb nails seem to forbid the maw of his companion from swallowing all. There is, however, no effort at composition, nor any great merit of colour in this little piece. A woman at a pump, and child with a dog, are in no way connected with the story, and might as well be out of the picture as in it. Expression is its chief recommendation as a work from so clever an artist.

No. 87. Portrait of H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge. *Sir W. Beechey, R.A.* This is one of Sir William's best portraits. The figure is unobtrusively placed and painted, and the back ground handled in a broad and chaste style. The Princess does not appear to possess much of what is esteemed beauty in England, but the expression of her countenance is gentle and amiable. There are no violent contrasts in the picture, of which simplicity is the distinguishing feature, and the effect produced by it worthy of the eminence of the artist: Not so the truly insipid portrait of the Duke of Gloucester, No. 77—nor the Princess Augusta, 87. 305. Portrait of Lady Stanley, by the same, is one of the prettiest female portraits in the Exhibition.

No. 169. Venus Anadyomene. *H. Howard, R.A.*

"Venus, born of the foam of the sea, and wafted by the Nereids, Tritons, and Zephyrs, to the island of Cythera, is received and decorated by the Hours, previous to her ascent to the gods."—*Homer's Hymn, &c.*

When we look at the productions of this artist, we are prepared to see the finest poetical imagination giving a local habitation to the unreal creatures of superstition or fancy, and employing, in the sweetest manner, the magic of the pallet to embody, as it were, ærial forms, and express supernatural conceptions. In parts of this picture he has fulfilled these expectations; in others, he has fallen so far short of them, as to give him little chance of having his picture mentioned hereafter with that of

*Apelles*. The grouping is ill managed, and the composition as a whole has a scattered appearance. There is a strange anachronism in the introduction of Cupid, the son of Venus by Mars, and consequently not likely to be an attendant at the sea-birth of his mother; and the countenances of most of the attendants, as well as that of the Goddess herself, are destitute of beauty. These are the most prominent defects of this work: its excellences consist of exquisitely transparent colouring in the limbs of Venus and in some of the minor immortals, in graceful contours, in the elegant disposition of most of the figures, whether floating in air or supported by a denser element, and in a general felicity of treatment which would have elevated the mind to the subject had it been otherwise painted, in a manner consistent with the rules of art for composition, and wrought up to the ideal of loveliness in Homer's glorious description.

No. 233. Dinant sur Meuse. *G. Arnald, A.* This is an excellent picture, completely imitating the formality of Dutch scenery, yet conveying a pleasing impression of the natural beauties of water and wood. The tone is clear, and the pencilling firm. The flowers in the river and on the right-hand corner, introduced, apparently, to carry out the positive effects, are rather artificial, and thus revolt the mind, however much they please the eye.

No. 144. View of the Boulevards of Paris. *Mrs. C. Long, H.*—An honorary and deservedly an honoured contributor, if honour depends on having painted one of the sweetest and most characteristic views of the year. We have a perfect recollection, a sort of engraving upon our memory, of the charming water-colour drawings which this lady has exhibited, but we were not aware that she could produce so admirable a work in oil as this is. Yet she had only to obtain a mastery over the medium; for the same fine taste for composition, and the same unsurpassed correctness of drawing, must tend to make a delightful picture, even though it were executed in the worst or least practised materials. But this is far from being the case in the present instance: the landscape of the Boulevards is touched with the utmost truth into pleasing cathedral-looking forms, and the popular throngs who enliven the scene, occupy their just places, and interest the spectator sufficiently, without engrossing attention. The drawing, as we have said, is admirably accurate; and it would give us pleasure to find that quality so perfect in one-fourth of the profession which Mrs. L. adorns as an amateur.

No. 142. The Duchess of Buccleugh. *W. Owen, R.A.*—A portrait replete with character and expression. The colouring is somewhat dingy, but a more perfect representation of a lady advanced in years can hardly be imagined.

No. 66. Portrait of Mrs. C. Long. *J. Jackson, R.A.*—The lady, whose production we have just noticed, but not so meritorious. Mr. Jackson's style seems ill-

adapted for female portraiture—force more than grace, firmness rather approaching the hard than combining (as it may do) with the soft, a dashing vigour, incompatible with feminine delicacy, may contribute to make a capital Jew, or warrior, but are ill substituted for the elegance, flowing outline, and harmonious blending of colour, which we look for in the better sex.

#### SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S GALLERY.

This interesting place closed on Monday, having been visited during the period it has been hebdomadally opened, not only by nearly all of native rank and genius in the metropolis, but by multitudes of foreigners of eminence, Americans and Asiatics, as well as Europeans of every country. If the liberal owner of the mansion needed any other reward than the consciousness of having done so much as he has done for British contemporary talent, it must have been a high gratification to him to have met these brilliant assemblies, to have heard their unthought praises, and to have listened to hear the exalted commend, and the gifted admire. *Laus a laudis viribus* is a noble ambition, and no man has deserved it more purely than Sir John Leicester by his conduct in promoting the fine arts of England.

There have been a few occasional alterations among the pictures during the season. Gainsborough's chef d'œuvre (*Cottagers*) was early restored to its former situation in a small boudoir; Harlow's *Proposals* was moved into the great saloon, and thus a tribute was paid to deceased genius, while the general feeling of interest in his works called more strongly forth by his melancholy death, was considerably gratified; Collin's large landscape remained to do credit to his abilities, and, by being much and often seen, to remove the partial critical objections originally made to it without reference to the new style in which (for the artist) it was executed, and the powerful competition to which it was exposed. In our opinion it is a beautiful picture, its objects simple and natural, its composition good, and its tone of colour unaffected and sweet. Hilton's *Europa* has run the gauntlet of a season's criticism, and fully confirms our first remarks upon its excellence, rather gaining than losing by being frequently examined.\* Northcote's *La Fayette* is calculated to revive the memory of honours which would not seem so well supported were we merely to look at some of his later performances. Fuseli's *Puck* is an agreeable specimen of that master; arch, grotesque, well-imagined, and peculiar in execution and colour. Altogether, indeed, the view is of a charming nature, and to witness the lively feelings kindled

\* A new picture by this able artist was shown on the last day. The subject is a Mermaid exulting over the destruction of a Knight whom she has allured to a watery grave. It is taken from Cromek's *Relics of Burns*; but, being unfinished, we can only praise the general disposition of the group.



towards living talent by this Exhibition, not the least charming of its many attractions.

#### MR. BRYAN'S GALLERY, PRINCES STREET.

It is nearly three months since we first called public attention to the admirable works which constitute this Gallery. The Caraccis, Veronese, Cangiagio, &c. are indeed productions of these masters, which not only class with their best efforts, but which belong generally to the highest cast in art. There have now been added to the number (40) specified in our former paper, several subjects of great interest and beauty. The Assumption of the Virgin, by Murillo, a small but exquisite performance; perhaps it may be esteemed the most finished cabinet picture of this great artist,—at any rate we never saw any thing with a stronger title to that distinction. The Holy Family, by Schidoni, so Corregiesque that it might presume to puzzle the admirers of that most graceful painter. The fable of blowing hot and cold, by Van Harp, and the Virgin teaching the Infant Jesus to read, by Guercino, are also among the additions; and the whole together form one of the most distinguished collections of the kind ever submitted to the inspection of the lovers of art.

#### WATER COLOURS.

##### MR. FAWKES' EXHIBITION, SPRING GARDEN.

When we offered some observations on Mr. Fawkes' fine collection of Mr. Turner's drawings, we adverted to the difficulty under which any artist must labour, to continue that variety essential to the production of pleasure in contemplating works of art. As every painter has a manner or system, however excellent that may be, it will appear and obtrude itself through all the choice of subject and change of form. We mention this rather as a proof of the power of an artist who can fix our attention to the individual excellence which struggles through the disadvantage of an almost imperative repetition, than as an offence to be stigmatized. In the room containing the sketches by Mr. Turner, the connoisseur will be highly gratified in seeing those materials from which his finished works have taken their elements—the foundations, as it were, of his fame as a landscape painter. With many, too, the sketches of a master possess more charms than the laboured results; and to all men of taste they afford grounds for the imagination to fill up, as fancy willeth, every vacant space and unfinished outline. Mr. Turner is great in almost all the forms of natural scenery; from the sublime to the lovely. His alpine heights and cataracts have all the savage magnificence that is theirs; and his soft champagne all the sweetness of streamlet and meadow. We are particularly struck with (No. 21) Lancaster Sands; the shallow water upon the shore is admirable, and the whole spirited and interesting. The subject too agrees entirely with Mr. Turner's favourite tone of colour, and what offends us as manner inappropriately employed on ship-

ping, or storm, or avalanche, is a consonant beauty in this picture. But Mr. T. can be as delightful in greys as in yellows and browns, witness No. 28, Vevay in Switzerland; and for magical effects of moonlight and rainbow, No. 35 and 36, Brientz and Reichenbach. On the contrary, No. 39, the Mer de Glace, Blairs Hut, looks as if it had been produced with sand instead of the natural tints of imitation. We may now notice a few of the other contributors to Mr. Fawkes' unique collection.

In the first room on entering, is a portrait of *Tandem*, a highly finished piece, from the pencil of Gilpin, one of the finest painters of that noble animal the horse, of any age or country. No man ever gave a sentiment and a grace to such subjects equal to this Artist, not only in the quiet state of the portrait, but in the action and fire which accompanies the animal in terror or in triumph. Mr. F. is rich in this delightful drawing; as he is also in a View on the Lara near Plymouth, and Craft, by S. Prout. Breadth, clearness, and harmony of colouring, distinguish this artist's works, and in no instance have we seen specimens from his pencil superior to these, which appear advantageously among the rest in the room where they are hung. Ben Nevis, by Rolson, is also among his most successful efforts: at once grand and beautiful, and as a composition uniting some of the finest qualities of art. The break of light gleaming among the clouds, with the colour and form of the distant mountains, is powerfully contrasted by a rich and varied foreground; nor should the technical skill by which so much clearness is produced be overlooked without applause. Fish, by J. Heaphy, is a little gem: seldom has any thing of the kind possessed more truth and nature, or been touched with a lighter or sweeter pencil into more of harmony. The companion, a Plover, by E. Swinburne, Esq. is alike characterized by accuracy and beauty of drawing, and fidelity of representation. Boars, by R. Hills, is replete with spirit, and the accessories as finely conceived as the animals are vigorously drawn. Venice, by Ibbetson, is a perfect Cannelletti. A room called the Bow Drawing-room contains the drawings of J. Smith, who may, we think, be considered the father of water-colour painting in the present day. His style has been followed by Glover and Holworthy, while that of Girtin and Turner sprung from Dayes, to whom they were pupils. Although the style of Dayes had nothing very remarkable to distinguish it, and might be said to partake of the character of Sandby and Rooker, yet his originality of thought, breaking the bounds of established systems, and pointing out effects beyond their reach, might generate that freedom and variety by which the British School has gained its present estimation: and to complete the epitome of this school, Mr. F. has only to add specimens from Sandby, Rooker, and Girtin. The former may justly be said to possess the germs of every quality by which the arts have since been exalted. His tinted

or transparent drawings have the truth of a mirror, with an accuracy of pencil which every artist ought to study before he relies on the facility of his own. The latter has all the variety which marks the present, with much of the correctness which pertained to the former era.

We have noticed in preceding Numbers the principal works in the Exhibition at Spring Garden; but, before we close our critique on that collection, ought in justice to say that there are still many favourable specimens which our limits forbid us to designate at any length. No. 1, Rippon Cathedral, H. C. Allport, is a pretty interior; C. Wild has a fine drawing of a room in Carlton House (19,) and other subjects of the same kind and character; W. Walker has several classical and beautiful views in Greece, but he will do well to look more closely to perspective and distance than he has done in No. 20; No. 30. Scene on the Dee, S. J. Stump, is hard in outline, and the yellow water falls too much into the prevailing foible of the times; C. Deane and T. Fielding have pretty views of natural scenery; E. Hastings has also several landscapes, to which the same praise may be given; too near an imitation of some objects, however, gives a spottiness to his canvas which he ought to avoid; 158, Mont-Blanc, J. Smith, is an exceedingly fine piece; and 228, Lowes Water, G. W. Smith, is a pleasing performance.

Without instancing more, we may generally add, that this Exhibition, taken altogether, sustains the reputation of the British school for water-colour painting.\*

\* Miss Harriet Gouldsmith's interesting Views of Claremont, arc, we observe, to be engraved.

#### THE BRITISH GALLERY.

(From a Correspondent.)

Quod si tam Graüs novitas invisa fuisset,  
Quam nobis; quid puer esset vetus?

The inventors of an art, and in a lesser degree the revivers or improvers of it, have many important advantages over those who afterwards practise it. He who opens any fresh source of pleasure, delighted with his discovery, pursues it with ardour, and is stimulated to unusual exertions. The whole range of art is before him—every thing is new. His contemporaries applaud the first and less perfect attempts, because they have as yet seen nothing more perfect; and their applause gives him confidence in himself, and keeps alive his enthusiasm. But a modern is following a beaten path, continually afraid of falling into plagiarism; and his early attempts are too frequently put in comparison with the matured productions or fortunate inspirations of his great predecessors. To follow out this speculation would occupy too much room, and divert us from our present purpose; nor will any such considerations enable us to account altogether for the great excellence of RAPHAEL. He was a man most extraordinarily gifted; and in any collection where his works occur, it would be a want of respect to his general merits, not

to mention him first: and although there is but one picture by him in this exhibition, yet it is so beautiful, that we should feel it a sort of injustice to begin with any other. "64. The Virgin, with the Infant Christ and St. John." This picture, small as it is, we prefer to any other in the Gallery. The composition is remarkably fine, the colouring good, and it has very little of the hardness of outline, so common in pictures of that age. But the excellence for which we chiefly praise it, is the pure and elevated expression of the Virgin. This is a quality which Raphael's Madonnas possess in a higher degree than those of any other painter. He felt that her character required the dignity and ardent affection of a matron, combined with the simplicity and innocence of a virgin, and what he justly imagined, he has most happily embodied. Contrasted examples will best shew our meaning: let any one turn to No. 80, or the three pictures by Murillo, Nos. 85, 87, 89. One has scarcely patience to dwell long enough for comparison, on such degradation of character as these Virgins display. And yet Murillo was, we believe, constantly within reach of the finest of Raphael's—*La Vierge du Poisson*. We have seen about thirty of Raphael's fine Madonnas; and though there is almost every variety of complexion and feature, they have all a characteristic dignity of expression, which seems to us quite sublime. These fine personifications appear as if conscious of their high destiny, they rise above their species, and link earth to heaven. The elements of this appropriate expression consist in the full long neck, and majestic fall of shoulder—the smooth open forehead, and thin arched eye-brow; denoting calmness, resignation, and devotion—the small neat features, and nice adjustment of the hair and dress; indicating delicacy and purity. His children partake of the same character, though of course in a less degree: but in this particular instance, there is rather too much violence in the Christ's action; particularly in the horizontal tension of the right foot.

This picture belongs to a class which the English seldom paint. Not from a want of the requisite talent, but because there is no demand for them in England. They are truly Catholic pictures; and (without reckoning upon the religious feeling) they must have furnished a powerful stimulus to exertion. Every one of them was probably intended for some church or altar: the painter felt that he was working for eternity, and, under this impression, his feelings were raised to the highest pitch, and he continued to add touch after touch that it might be as perfect as possible. Considering how beautiful a group they form, (of Infancy, Maturity, and Age,) we were about to say, that we regretted they are not now painted: but when we remember how many there are, and what little variety they admit, it is perhaps better that painters should chuse subjects with greater bustle and more palpable interest. Were we asked to mention the modern painters best

qualified for painting such subjects, the name of Stothard would first occur; who, with perfect mastery of composition, can, when he chuses it, give pure simplicity of expression. Or the correct taste and exact pencil of Thomson could adequately pour-tray them. But we remember—*de non apparentibus*, &c. and stop for the present. Another week we shall examine pictures with which we shall have modern examples to compare, and can employ the indicative, not the potential mood. T. C.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[Literary Gazette.]

## STANZAS TO

I heard thy voice in the evening breeze,  
In the music of the moonlight seas;  
I saw thy blush in the summer sky,  
As its clouds of rose soft floated by.  
And the stars of Heaven beamed on my view  
Remembrance of thine eyes' bright blue.  
Nor sea, nor sky, nor earth, to me  
But some resemblance showed of thee.

When glittered round me pleasure's beam,  
I turned away—from thee to dream—  
Did care or sadness cloud my day,  
One thought, and all was chased away;  
And never rose a dawn for me,  
Unsainted by a prayer for thee;  
And never midnight's silence came  
Without a blessing on thy name.

Those hours are past—for ever o'er,  
And we two meet no more, no more—  
Well, be it so—I must not care  
For one as faithless all, as fair.  
But thou—the time may come, when thou  
Shalt deeply mourn thy broken vow.  
Yet rests my vengeance in one thought,  
Farewell—may'st thou forget me not. I.

*A Recollection of the beautiful Picture of THE PLUVIAN JUPITER, by Mr. Gandy. (In the Somerset House Exhibition.)*

Look! where, amongst the porphyry columns,  
sits  
JOVE—the Olympian. Look!—His shadowy  
arms

Crown the brave temple of his deity,  
And round about his head the vapours come  
Lowering, in dark obedience.—Nobly huth  
The painter told his story—and well it shines  
(Placed by some cunning hand there) from amidst  
The architectural things of new creation,  
That in their gilded dress rise stiffly up,  
As tho' to do it honour.—Trooping on,  
See where the crowds of worshippers (attired  
In white, and carrying flowers) pass on, to hail  
The Spirit supreme, by all his various names  
Of Father, and King, and PLUVIAN JUPITER.  
He—like the God of clouds, sits motionless:  
But in his quiet power there seems to be  
Assent and blessing, and the elements  
(As self-informed) bow down obsequiously.  
Above, above—temples and towers sublime,  
Rocks and blue mountains, and Athenian skies  
Gleam in the distance. What a scene is there!  
Fit for those mighty minds intelligent,  
Who, thro' the mists of ages rear their heads  
In brave defiance of the storms of time.  
And, haply, from these beautiful regions came  
A Power, that shed a light on man; and as

The Sun draws from the earth rich fruits, drew  
forth  
Bright thoughts and patriot feeling, and did give  
To Greece its fame unparallel'd. [W.]

## EPIGRAM.

Tom's new *snuff-box* was gold, which he shewed  
to his friend,  
Protesting such metal ne'er *changed* nor would  
end;  
"Pardon me!" said the friend, "but a *hundred*  
*years* hence  
"Twill be very *different*, in every sense;  
For when Time has got that added snow on his  
locks,  
Your box will be turned to a *Cent'ry Box*!  
TEUTHA.

[By Correspondents.]

## LINES

*In answer to an inquiry, how a person had slept—  
written by a Lady.*

'Tis not, O Bed, thy downy throne  
The troubled mind composes—  
'Tis Vice that makes the bed of thorns,  
And Virtue that of roses.

## SONG.

O sweet it is to see the young  
Strike up the dance so merrily!  
Sailing like swans adown the stream  
So gracefully, so gracefully.

With flushing cheek, and sparkling eye,  
Their beauties shine divinely, O;  
And Love himself in ambush waits  
To murder hearts most finely, O.

Light as the sprightly antelope  
Before the hounds springs airily,  
The youthful pairs the dances tread,  
So cheerily, so cheerily.

With steps that fling no echo round,  
And bosoms heaving brightly, O,  
The wand'ring mazes they untwine,  
And sweep the turf so lightly, O!

And eyes that speak, and sighs of love,  
And hands that meet with thrilling pleasure,  
Are signs of deep, untainted joy,  
While each one grasps his fairest treasure.

And if on earth a moment be  
When love and joy shine brightly, O,  
'Tis when by Vesper's rising star  
We tread the green so lightly, O!  
AMATOR.

## TO

*The humble Petition of an Old Oak, at the Brick-  
kiln, Harrow-weald, Middlesex.*

Alas! I've lost my friends around,  
I see them levell'd with the ground;  
The Dryads, too, have fled the spot,  
Yet, hovering round, lament their lot;  
Their converse sweet I've oft enjoy'd,  
We whisper'd tales that never cloy'd;  
Each spring still saw us newly clad,  
The birds rejoic'd, and man was glad!  
Ocean would raise his head to see  
The well known mark,\* your suppliant Tree:  
This hill, I've graced for ages past,  
Withstood the storm and gather'd blast;  
O! pray avert the tyrant's stroke,  
And let me live! your cherish'd Oak.  
May 19, 1819. G.

\* These trees were said to be seen from the  
German Ocean.



## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LAST TUESDAY AT MR. FAWKES'S.

"This is also a liberal Exhibition," said I to my French friend, as we entered Mr. F's elegant mansion. "You improve," he observed, smilingly. It was early, the world of fashion not yet out, or rather, not yet in. So we admired this superb assemblage at our ease. "At least you do not manage those matters better in France?" "We do not manage them at all; we know nothing of Water colours." About two, the crowd increased, and, willing to vary our amusement, after having enjoyed the beauties of art, we stationed ourselves near a door, to gaze on those of nature, as they thronged in. "It is only a variety of painting," said Monsieur. Mathews would say, "De Englis ladies are all artistes, for de Englis ladies all paint." "Even so, what beautiful women!" "Yes; but 'tis pity they are in general so deformed." "Deformed! and you dare to say this to their faces?" "No, only to their backs." I could not stand up for my fair countrywomen, as they would not for themselves, so I let that pass. "But are all these persons attracted here by taste?" "Yes, of different orders." "I understand."—At about three, a Persian and two Indian gentlemen entered. The paintings ceased to be the magnet, the attraction centred in the strangers, and they were environed by a triple fence. The Persian, who could speak English, was assailed in all directions; the Vakeel's ignorance saved him from this misery. At last, tired of seeing and being seen, they prepared to depart; so did the whole crowd along with them; and then came 'the tug of war,' for the ebb of one ocean was opposed by the flow of another, which came pouring into the hall and up the stairs:—this too after the given hour. The scene that then presented itself was certainly far from decorous—"Quite a noon-day rout," as a lady remarked. We were lucky enough to escape with the first rush from the rooms, but remained jammed in on the landing-place for at least half an hour, during which we saw rouge melted, teeth dropped, feathers broken, bonnets crushed, flounces torn, humps pulled off, heard Dandy laces give, and in the end saw emerge from the doorway the truly suffocated Easterns we had so long before left struggling there. "Your ladies are stronger, and your gentlemen weaker, than they look," remarked Monsieur. A stranger might fall into the error. "Well," said I, as we gazed with a sort of disgust on the vulgar tumult, around—beneath—"what think you now of your proposed gratis admission to the populace?" "Why, that they would not acquit themselves worse than this—and probably would better."—Indeed if Mr. F. was in future to close his doors against the public, it is only what they have deserved. However, it may be hoped that by limitation of numbers, refusal of entrance after a certain hour, &c. this elegant entertainment may with impunity still be allowed to those who will in

time learn to appreciate it. We are but beginners—we shall behave better by degrees.

Wednesday.

L. M.

## THE FOUR PRESIDENTS OF AMERICA.

[Some features in the character of the four last Presidents of the United States of North America; from the Journal entitled "America."]

John Adams had resided a considerable time at foreign Courts, in the character of Ambassador, before he was elected President of the United States. On his election, he aimed at all the pomp and splendour of a Monarch. The journals of the country turned this into ridicule, and restrictive laws were necessary, as under a Monarchy, to check the writers for the periodical press. All this was done openly; and as the remembrance of the hard struggle to deliver themselves from a Monarchical government was still fresh in the minds of the people, Mr. Adams was not re-elected at the expiration of the period of his Presidency.

Thomas Jefferson had also been Ambassador at foreign Courts, before he was elected President. The errors of his predecessor in the government could not have failed to make him endeavour to avoid every thing that bore the appearance of preference of foreign manners, had not his philosophy and his republicanism led him to despise them. He discouraged, by his example, ostentatious magnificence, and laid down his office with the unequivocal approbation of his country. Economy in public and private life was the characteristic feature of his administration.

James Madison, the next President, never was Ambassador at foreign Courts. He trod in the steps of his predecessor; he was simple and unostentatious; but he had some private weaknesses which the public did not look for in him, but which exposed him to an influence that was detrimental to his reputation, and injurious to the country. As he wanted the energy of Mr. Jefferson, he was more in the power of his ministers, to whom may be attributed the errors of Mr. Madison's policy, which hindered him from quitting his post with so much honour as Mr. Jefferson.

Mr. Monroe was Ambassador at Paris and London, before he was elected President of the United States, and he seems in fact to have introduced the fashions of both these cities. His coach and his arms, his manner of adorning them, his orders for foreign furniture for his palace, his seeking for a major-domo or chamberlain, like the Monarchs of Europe, the etiquette of his household, and in receiving and paying visits, all shew that Mr. Monroe, in pomp and extravagance, far exceeds Mr. Adams.

The Son of this John Adams has also been sent to a foreign Court, to act as Secretary of State for Mr. Monroe. Formed in the school of monarchical principles, considering his constant residence abroad, and his intercourse with the nobility, it is probable that he will not wean himself from them. We know that fashion never de-

scends; that the fop does not borrow his air and his dress from the day-labourer, but that every one apes those whom he considers as above himself. Hence the rage for magnificence and show, which is imbibed by our Ministers at foreign Courts; and hence the contagion of the example of these Ambassadors when they are made Presidents. Every one longs for influence and authority; the President apes the King, the Governor the President, and so on to the country Magistrate, whose equipage rivals any other in splendour. We have been called a nation of "energetic, courageous republicans," a character which, for the most part, has certainly been borrowed from our ancestors; for, by imitating the fashions introduced by our magistrates, we are in a fair way of degenerating into a nation of "Petitmaitres."

## THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

## SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

Second Series, No. XVI.

ART P. NATURE: A LESSON TO YOUTH.

"How's my old aunt to-day?" said the thoughtless Miss Marchmont to her highly polished mother. "Your old aunt!" repeated Mrs. M. with an air of indignation, mingled with surprise; "Never let me hear you call any body old again; 'tis the rudest thing in the world! Remember, my dear Harriet, that there's nobody old but old Nick; and we want to have nothing to do with him. Besides, your aunt is very little more than fifty, and looks remarkably well of her age. There are very few years difference between us; and I can assure you, that *she* (laying wonderful stress upon the word) would be very much affronted either to be considered or called old." This was one word for the aunt and two for herself.

"Why, Mamma," said Harriet, "some people are old. There's the old Coachman, and the ugly old Gamekeeper; and you call them so too." This she said with an air of triumph. "What signifies what one calls a Coachman or a Gamekeeper, child?" replied Mamma; "but I tell you, once for all, that people of fashion are never old nor ugly. When you are speaking of a woman past fifty, if she be handsome, she is in the prime of life. We have the highest authority for that. If she verge upon sixty, she may be called a woman of a certain age, or one in the autumn of life. If a man be of that age, you may denominate him a man a little advanced in life, or you may be permitted to say, that you regret to see the Duke, or his Lordship, declining a little, or falling off from what he was. But if he be not very decrepid, a middle-aged man must be his appellation, as long as he is able to go into company.

"The word ugly, again, applies to no one. Rather plain, Not the handsomest in the world, Very agreeable (which is another word for plain,) or *Pas mal*, are the epithets

to be used; just as there is no such thing as red hair, nor grey hair, nor squinting, nor deformity, nor stuttering, in polished circles. These defects are confined to the vulgar herd. Auburn hair is the word, or *Des cheveux d'une couleur un peu hasardé*, hair assuming an autumnal tint; a young person with a trifling obliquity in her sight, or a not disagreeable cast in her eye; a trifling error in the shape, a weakness of one hip, or an almost imperceptible inequality in her shoulder; one who has a slight hesitation in his or her speech,—these, concluded the elegant and urbane mother, 'are the delicate discriminations of well-bred people, by which an amiable apology is made for any personal defect, and by which these trifling deformities are not only reasoned away, but often rendered familiar and even pleasing. Moreover, such are the improvements of the age, that no such disadvantages exist amongst people of taste or of fortune.'

I was now convinced of the experience of Mrs. M.—and I saw in what mysteries she was an adept: she was a perfect mistress of the art of rouging, of dressing, of not only explaining, but of doing away deficiencies in beauty; and, returning home to my library, and casting my eye on my newspaper, I observed the account of these improvements at full length, and asked myself, looking in my treacherous glass, why any body should be old or ugly in London? At the same time it struck me that the carnival at Venice exhibited fewer disguises than the fashionable lounge of Pall Mall, St. James's Street and Bond Street, the squeeze in Hyde Park, and all our public places.

Vegetable rouge, not discernible to the most scrutinous eye,—Olympian dew,—bloom of Ninon,—an unexampled paste, which not only whitens, gives a delightful softness and transcendent polish to the hands and arms, but preserves and improves the skin,—a dye for the hair, which is perfectly innocent, and which changes red, or iron grey, to a most youthful glossy brown or black,—ornamental hair, that is, a wig or false curls, which make baldness give place to a profusion of tresses,—epilatory powders, which take off mustachios from dowagers,—unguents which put them upon beardless boys,—a curling fluid, which renders lank locks à la Obadiah as twisted and as full of turns as a cork-screw,—spring corsets,—elastic bodices,—gentlemen's and ladies' stays,—with pads, prominences, additions, or tighteners, so as to convert lean into plump, and to screw up corpulence into torture,—false bosoms upon falser breasts,—and prominences where nature falls off, and is far behind-hand with art,—calves,—cravats, starch and perfume,—artificial palates for most unpalatable speakers,—and rows of ivory for mouths which formerly exhibited the alternate bone and ebony of the harpsichord's keys, but were deficient in its harmony,—roses to dye the lip,—and becoming moles to be inserted in the skin, whilst freckles and blotches are skillfully re-

moved—these, oh! incomparable London, are thy treasures, thy beauties and ornaments, for both sexes and for all ages.

But Harriet! whose risings and fallings, whose increased or diminished pulse, whose fluctuating and uncertain rose and lily succeeded each other like the ebb and the flow of the tides, like the shower and sunshine; she conceived not the drift of these humiliating remarks. She consulted with older and abler heads, more experienced charmers, more expert heart-catchers, and their advice was "to follow Mamma's wholesome counsel, and to substitute art for nature, whereby every thing was to be gained and nothing was to be lost."

For example, said one of her friends, you have smiled upon a suitor for so long a time,—he is a little proud and presuming on his success,—you think you love him; but a nobler or a richer admirer offers!—Then all that happened before was pure badinage, youthful mirth, nothing serious—no, not vows nor promises—no sense at all!!! For all is nonsense in high life where interest is not at stake. Or you have intrusted a secret to another's ear, and you repent it—Then nothing so natural as to say, it was all a joke; it was to try their friendship, and you have not the least grounds for what was previously stated.

In a word—age, deformity, awkward truth, unfortunate sincerity, foolish candour, plain dealing, are vulgarities in a court dictionary. The lip that can pout or smile, the eye which can fall downcast or glisten, the bosom which can swell without joy or anguish, the neck which can bend without humility, and the hand which can be outstretched without sincerity,—these are the politest, the most convenient, the most courtly, and the most suitable to the existing circumstances of high life. Nature is now become like a country cousin, who cannot be long endured without vast inconvenience, and without degrading the possessor of the one, or the relative of the other, who moves in the upper circles.

*Et pour quoi pas?* says Lady Florimere. We deck our conservatories with roses in January, and exclude daylight at our banquets in spring. Why therefore should not the decaying seasons in man and woman wear the artificial rose, or the gelid bosom borrow its warmth from the mine, whether of coal or of gold? Alas! what answer can be given, even by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

### THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—The *Carib Chief* continues to be acted here—not so the *Jew of Lübeck*, which the humorous bills of this theatre tell us is deferred, on account of "the serious nature of the interest it excites," in order that the "deeply affecting tragedy may be followed by an afterpiece of more broadly comic humour"! With all our hearts—we can only say, that neither the melancholy nor the mirth of poor Drury is too potent for our hardened nerves, though it is true that the majority of the

performances have so strong an effect upon us that we cannot bear to see them twice.

COVENT GARDEN.—A spirited and picturesque melo-drame, called *Swedish Patriotism*, was produced on Wednesday. The principal character of the story is a Colonel Albert, a Swede, the head of the Gothland Insurrection, for the exiled King Gustavus. He is hunted through the country after the defeat of his party, and through a variety of adventures, till he is saved by the troops of the victorious Gustavus. The piece contains a great deal of love, much scenery, and some shooting. Terry was the Colonel, Abbott his friend, and Miss Foote the lady fair of the friend. The scenery was characteristic of the country, and very clever; and the final explosion was so brilliant as to seem to our terrors an extension of the fire from the stage to the theatre. It was extremely well received. Bishop's music had a large share in its popularity; but Terry's acting was the mercurial of the melodrame.

A Comic Barletta, in three acts, founded on Lady Morgan's novel of Florence Macarthy, is announced at the Surrey Theatre.

### VARIETIES.

The *Hecla*, Lieutenant Parry, and *Griper*, Lieutenant Liddon, sailed from Sheerness on Tuesday week, for Baffin's Bay: they proceed direct into Lancaster Sound.—*M. Post.*

The Congress American frigate, Captain Henley, has been selected for a voyage of discovery round the world, the first American enterprise of this kind, for which two years are assigned.

A little Volcano has recently made its appearance on a mountain near Morbio, a village in the Swiss canton of Tessin. The explosion was preceded by an earthquake. The flames ascended to a considerable height above the summit of the mountain, and masses of stones were hurled to a great distance. On the following day a large opening was observed in the mountain, from which the flames still issued with a strong smell of sulphur. Great damage was sustained by some houses in the neighbourhood, but no lives were lost. The date of this event corresponds with that of the late disasters in Sicily.

One of the Paris Journals, boasting of its independence, is answered by another, that it is dependent on many things, and among others, upon "the number of its subscribers;" but, adds the critic, "it is true that thou art in that respect within a very few of being truly independent!"

GUERRE A QUI LA CHERCHE.—M. Loyson has published a little book at Paris under this title, in which three persons speak; one of whom calls himself Benjamin, the other Constant, and the third De Rebecque. These three persons have all very different opinions: nothing can be more at variance than their political discourses, one declaims violently against conquerors, the other extols them to the



ties, and the third despises and serves them; &c. The most extraordinary thing in this truly dramatic scene is, that not a single word is put into the mouth of the speakers, which is not faithfully extracted from the different works of M. Benjamin Constant de Rebecque.

A tragedy in verse, entitled, Philip II. by a glazier of Marseilles, has lately been published in Paris. The subject is the death of Don Carlos, which many writers attribute to the Spanish Tiberius, though the best historians, such as Herrera, Cabrera, and others, acquit him of that crime. Be that as it may, our author has treated the subject after Alfieri and Schiller. The tragedy is said to be defective with regard to the plot and action; but those who have read it, declare that the language is astonishingly correct. It appears, upon the whole, to be a work of mediocrity, but is nevertheless remarkable, considered as the production of a man exercising a mechanical profession. A Paris paper observes, that he is certainly the best poet among glaziers, and probably the best glazier among poets.

COINCIDENCES.—The late Grand Theatre of Berlin opened and closed with pieces by Kotzebue. On the evening after the representation of one of these pieces, the Theatre was discovered to be on fire, just at the conclusion of Schiller's tragedy of the *Robbers*. But it is still more remarkable, that the old wall of the Berlin Theatre, of which Kotzebue was Manager, fell down with a loud crash, on the very day and at the very hour of the death of the celebrated dramatist. To these observations of a German Journalist, we may add, that Pizarro was performed at the late Covent Garden Theatre on the evening on which it was burnt.

FRANK HALS.—This celebrated painter, who was born at Malines in 1584, and was inferior only to Van Dyk in the delicacy of his colouring, was much addicted to wine, and was intoxicated almost every evening. When he had been carried home on the shoulders of his scholars, and laid on his bed, he commonly began to pray with a loud voice: "O, Lord! take me peaceably into thy kingdom of heavenly joy! O, Lord! take me to Thee, that I may pray as a redeemed sinner before thy throne!" &c. One evening, his scholars, among whom was the ingenious Abraham Brower, resolved to play him a trick, and made the necessary preparations. When Hals began his usual ejaculations, he suddenly felt himself slowly raised up, as if the journey to heaven was commencing. This seemed to him rather serious, and he began to protest in the drollest manner—"Stop! stop! do you think I am in such a hurry? Not at all! I can very well remain here a little longer. Come again fifty years hence, if you please, but at present it does not suit me at all." The young rogues put an end to the joke, and Hals fell asleep quite contented; but he was never afterwards known to utter his ejaculations as before.

## ORIENTAL BILLET-DOUX.

Such of our readers as are fond of Oriental literature of the freshest date, may derive some gratification from the perusal of the following love epistle, in the *poetico-Persian* style, addressed by an Ambassador from an Eastern court to a Lady of fashion, who made a deep impression on His Excellency's heart. The Lady sent the letter to a friend skilled in Oriental languages; and the following is a translation of the most remarkable passages:—

When your glances dart like arrows from the bow of your eye-brow, millions of hearts are wounded. - - - You now direct your shafts against a languishing soul; but though aimed at it for the first time, their mark could not be missed: - - - When sharing with you the intoxicating cup of love, if an angel descended from Heaven were to appear at the gate of my palace, I would not open it. - - - In vain the most fatal examples warn us not to enter the Bazaar of Love: I heed them not, and constantly expose myself to new dangers. - - - I have thrown open the magazine of my soul: alas! I tremble lest the purchaser should enter it at my cost. - - - My heart, sick with love for you, drinks with rapture the poisoned cup of death; but such are the transports I experience, that thousands must envy my lot. - - - The dust of the threshold of your door is a precious ointment to my eye; why am I not permitted to enjoy it? - - - A thousand afflictions weigh on the heart of the Ambassador; when separated from you, perhaps these lines may recal him to your memory.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

CONTENTS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS  
FOR MAY 1819.

Captain Beaufort's Haramania, reviewed by M. Letronne.—Count Chaptal's *De l'Industrie Française*, by M. Tessier.—Ginguené's *Histoire Littéraire de l'Italie*, by M. Daunou.—Caussin de Perceval *Les cinquante séances du Hariri*, en arabe, publiées, by M. Silvestre de Sacy.—T. B. Gail *Lettres inédites de Henri II. &c. &c.* by M. Raynouard.—Sestini's *Descrizione degli Stateri antichi*, by M. Raoul Rochette.—Cicognara's *Histoire de la Sculpture en Italie*, by M. Quatremère de Quincy.—James Milligan *Peintures antiques de vases Grecs*, by M. Mongez.—Proposta di alcune correzioni ed aggiunte al Vocabolario della Crusca, &c. by M. Raynouard.

Baron Gerning, of whom a biographical Memoir appeared in the *Literary Gazette* of 23d May 1818, has undertaken to write the historical part of a *Tour on the Rhine* (from Mayence to Coblenz,) the drawings of picturesque views on which river are to be executed by M. Schutz. When we reflect on the important transactions of the early ages, the political and chivalrous and religious feuds of which this part of the world was so distinguished a theatre, we cannot but anticipate a highly interesting

work from the pen and pencil of Baron Gerning and M. Schutz. The former indeed merits to be better known in England than he is, and we trust this production will make him so: in Germany he is very highly esteemed by the literary world, which was our inducement to insert the Memoir alluded to.

It is reported that the *Memoirs of Lord Byron* are coming out under the title of *Harold the Exile*.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

## MAY.

Thursday, 13.—Thermometer from 46 to 63. Barometer from 30, 25 to 30, 23. Wind NW. 2.—Generally cloudy.  
Friday, 14.—Thermometer from 40 to 61. Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 27. Wind NW. 2.—Clouds generally passing.  
Saturday, 15.—Thermometer from 36 to 65. Barometer from 30, 25 to 30, 21. Wind NW. and E. 3.—The day generally cloudy.  
Sunday, 16.—Thermometer from 39 to 67. Barometer from 30, 22 to 30, 18. Wind SW. and E. 4.—Generally clear; clouds passing at times.  
Monday, 17.—Thermometer from 36 to 71. Barometer from 30, 17 to 30, 04. Wind SE. 13.—Generally clear.  
From 9 to 11 this morning a halo was formed; and from 10 till near 11 it sent forth a second halo appearance, forming an angle of about 10 degrees, whose sides were perfect about 8 degrees. At about 11 it disappeared.  
Tuesday, 18.—Thermometer from 36 to 68. Barometer from 29, 97, to 30, 02. Wind SW. 2.—Generally cloudy.  
A perfect and strong coloured halo was formed from 2 o'clock to 4, when the lower part disappeared, and the upper part became so much stronger as to reflect part of a second halo about 25 degrees above it.  
Wednesday, 19.—Thermometer from 47 to 63. Barometer from 29, 84, to 29, 74. Wind NE. 1.—Cloudy—with frequent showers of rain.—Rain fallen, 475 of an inch.  
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

NOTICES.—The pressure of matter, either temporary or in course according to promise, obliges us to postpone Prince Louis' Letters, Sir Charles Morgan's Reply to the Christian Advocate, and other articles, including a Notice of the Exhibition of the late Mr. Harlow's Works, about to be opened in Pall Mall. This Exhibition will consist not only of the principal works of the Artist, known in England, but of an admirable Copy of the Transfiguration taken at Rome, a fine sketch of his picture presented to the Roman Academy, his Drawings of distinguished Characters, and other interesting Works.

The Title pages for the *Literary Gazette* Volumes for 1817 and 1818, may be had at our Office, 267, Strand. Our Subscribers in the country are requested to take opportunities when they have friends in Town to procure them.

The first Quarterly Part for the present Year, containing the thirteen unstamped Numbers for January, February, and March, continues to be on sale at every Bookseller's and Newsmen's. This is a convenient form for the East and West Indies, &c. and as no other periodical publication offers so general a view of the new literature, discoveries in science, productions of art, dramatic performances, &c. it is hoped that the *Literary Gazette* may be found an acceptable present to our countrymen at a distance from their native land.

A. Y. Z. the Editor cannot ascertain whether he ever received the packet or not.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

This Day is published,  
**AN ILLUSTRATION of the ARCHITECTURE and SCULPTURE of the CATHEDRAL CHURCH of LINCOLN.** Containing nineteen Plates, in size 16 by 12 inches, engraved in the line manner in a superior style, by Messrs. John Le Keux, Henry Le Keux, Byrne, Lee, Finden, Fittler, A.R.A. Pye, Skelton, Smith, and Turrel, from Drawings; accompanied by an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Fabric, by CHARLES WILD. Price, in boards, large paper copies, printed in folio Columbian, containing India proofs, 10s. 10s. Small paper copies, printed on Atlas 4to, the Views on French paper, 5s. 5s.

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**THE PRIZES in TOMKINS'S PICTURE LOTTERY**, valued at 159,325s. are now on View, at No. 54, New Bond Street, where Tickets, price 3s. 3s. each, are on Sale; also by P. W. and F. P. Tomkins, No. 33, New Bond Street; Longman and Co. Paternoster-Row; Cadell and Davies, Strand; Hurst, Robinson, and Co. No. 90, Cheapside; J. W. Whiteley, No. 103, Newgate Street; P. Colnaghi and Co. Cockspur Street; and at all the Lottery Offices.

### New Publications.

In a few Days will be published, handsomely and uniformly printed, in 3 vols. 8vo.

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